

Christmas
Number

The War Cry

Three
in
penns

Dec
24th
1914



Territorial
Headq's
20 Albert
St. Toronto
Int'l Headq's.
101 Queen
Victoria St.
London E.C.

William Booth
Founder.
Edw Higgins
General.
James Hay
Commissioner.

Out of the Wells of Salvation

India Draws Highly-Valued Water of Life and Finds Joy in the Christmas Call

WHAT if you were a criminal? What if, at every step you took, you found yourself dogged by a policeman? Well, you would have to admit that some action of your own, some transgression of the law, had brought you to that pass, and, therefore, you would have yourself to blame for it.

But supposing you were a criminal in the Indian fashion—born to criminality as to a position in society; trained to it as a profession; bound to it with stronger ties than those of any secret society; compelled to it by the authorities of the land. Rather a complex situation is it not?

Supposing that your forefathers, as far back as history could reach, had been murderers, robbers, highway-men, and that you, born to this heritage, had tried your 'prentice hand at the grim business

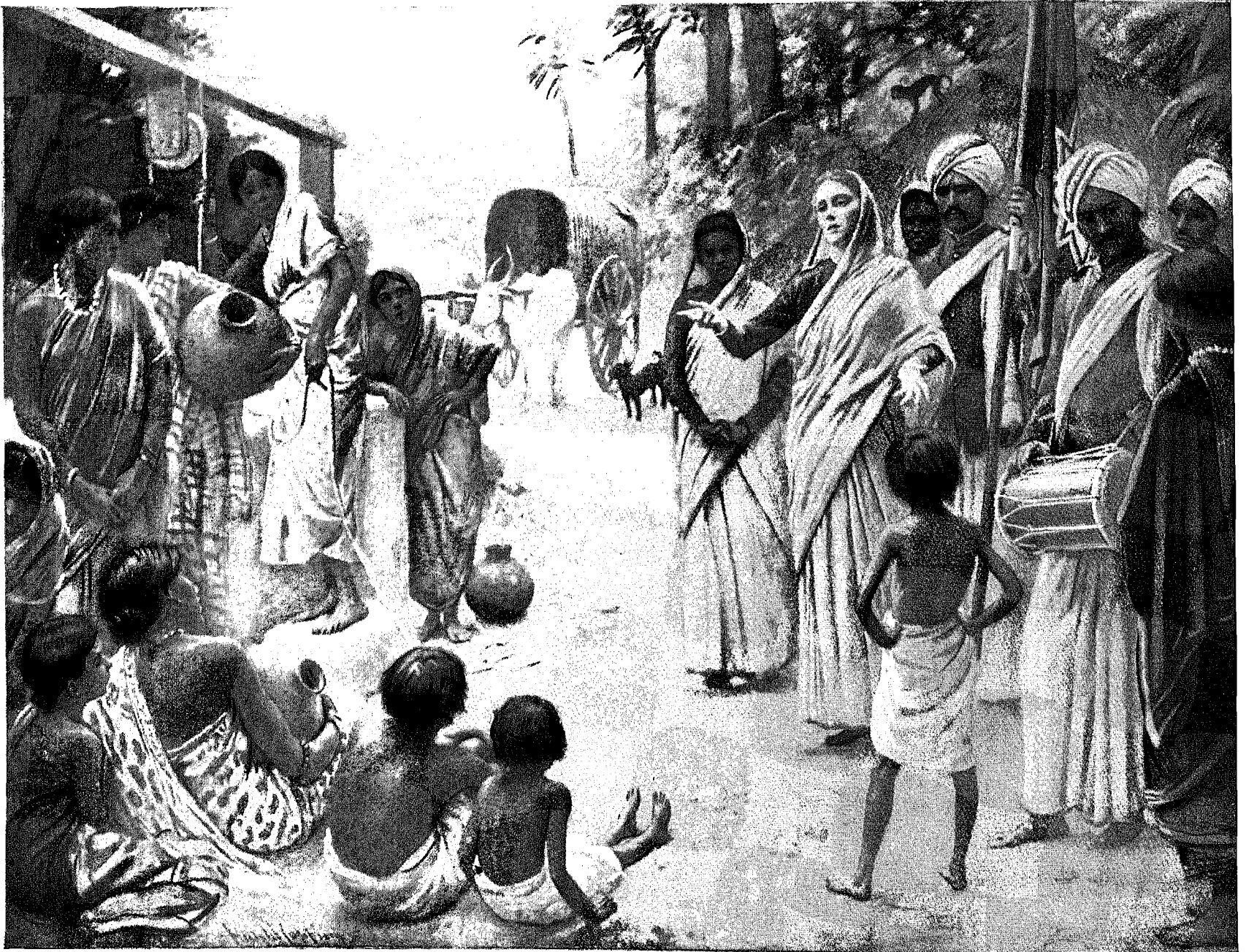
and antagonism to law and order; you would prophesy his realization of manhood's achievement in bloodshed, violence, and abomination.

That the native peoples round about were having difficulties of their own—caste problems and humiliations; the failure of religion, no matter how devotedly followed, to bring comfort in misfortune, solace in sorrow, light in darkness or aid in distress, would not ease your disgust, nor supply hope now or ever.

Make the picture you draw before the mind's eye as black as you can and your worst imagination will fail to plumb the depths of actuality as it is revealed to Army Officers who know India as it really is. Then visualize, if you can, the unspeakable joy of the despairing people when they hear that there is, after all, a Way Out; a Way

sinking of much-needed wells, which shall be dedicated as memorials of departed relatives. And then beside these highly-valued water sources, they tell of Him who, becoming poor for the sake of all who are poor, made it possible for every one to become rich, in a way which can never be impaired. Oh, it sounds even more wonderful than the story told by the professional romancer beneath the banyan tree of an evening!

Far more moving than the Officer's story, however, is the testimony of the native people themselves. It might be that a white-skinned woman would have her own special good fortune. The lines of the sahib and his ladies seemed to have fallen to them in pleasant places. But to have one of their own folks speak; to have one belonging to that very village, whose former life, and that now



Telling the ageless Christmas story beside a Memorial Well, sunk by The Army for the service of India's people

and not without success. Then, let us suppose, some revulsion against the iron circumstance of evil had surged within your soul; some desire to be less like your own people; some wish that you might be like some other folks whom you had seen. And then, on trying to give expression to your desire, supposing it should be made unmistakably, ungainsayingly plain to you that there was no way out, no hope of change; that you must stay as you were born—the son of criminals, and always to be a criminal.

Could anything be more intolerable?

As a father, taking pride in your new-born son, and, looking upon his thrilling innocency, wishful that he might grow up to gladden your old age, you would be obliged to look for it in outlawry

Up, a Way to God who is Good, and Love, and Pity, and Power.

Your traveller, versed in the ways of the Orient, will tell you of the foregathering of the women folk of the land at the well; of the gossip, of the gloomy chatter which nothing seemingly can brighten.

How opportune it must appear to The Army Officer, the one white woman in a radius of one hundred miles, that the Indian women, drawing water for family needs, should hear of the Water of Life, of which Jesus spoke to a woman beside a well in Samaria, nearly two thousand years ago.

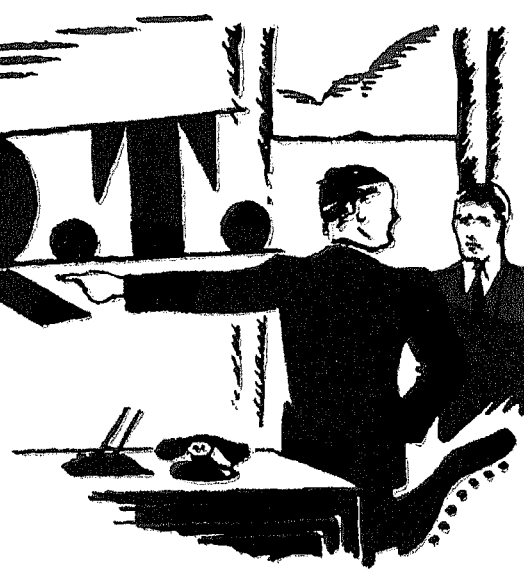
Judge the service which the Salvationist is rendering to India when he encourages the wealthy, high-caste folks of the land to supply money for

lived, bear out the statements being made; removes every ground for doubt. So they drink in the message; they long to meet with the Saviour and Deliverer so tenderly referred to; they wait with longing hearts until they can see the first step to take, and then they give themselves up to the life of faith in Jesus with whole-hearted devotion.

Who is not a criminal? Who has not broken the laws of God? Yet to all come the glorious tidings of liberation, of Salvation. "Unto us, unto all, is born a Saviour!" "He shall save His people from their sin." "It is the ever-familiar Christmas story. It has meant new life for many millions. It could be so in your case. It should! Shall it? Have Him for your Saviour."



A brutal bully encounters a "bawling out" which he appreciates, following which he listens to wise counsel



Don Wilks turned on his heel and went out, closing the door behind him. At the closing of that door, the great T.Q.T. shook off the numbing fear of assault and battery sufficiently to press buttons and ring bells. Every ring brought a minion in palpitating haste; but when they had all appeared, he did not know what he wanted of them, and so dismissed all except the trusty Totter, whom he questioned, to learn that Wilks' wife had died within the past week and the three children had gone to an aunt. T.Q.T. fired Totter for not having told him of Mrs. Wilks' death; but Totter, who knew his onions, begged and sobbed himself back on the pay-roll; and this evidence of his power almost restored T.Q.T. to his old, mighty self—almost, but not quite. He could not rid himself entirely, and immediately, of the unpleasant evidence of Don Wilks' words and look.

T.Q.T. took two guides in the fall of the year, looking for trophies of horn and hide to add to the expensive collection of such things which adorned the walls and floor of his home. This was the seventh season of his wildwood activities as a mighty killer. With one man to guide him, tote his rifle or call up or bind up the intended victim for him, and with another man to cook, make camp and pull on his boots, and with both to pole, paddle and portage for him, he was a successful woodsman and hunter. Of what his guides thought of him and said of him, among themselves, he was grandly and blissfully unaware. His vanity and stupidity were such that he honestly believed himself to be sportsman and woodsman.

One day when the sportsman awoke, he first looked at the sunlit window. For a minute he continued to lie motionless, blinking lazily at the sunshine, then he sat up with a grunt and dug his watch from under the pillow. Eight o'clock! He swung his large legs over the edge of the bunk and emitted a commanding, but inarticulate, roar.

Eight o'clock, mark you!—and he had ordered breakfast for six, sharp.

Nothing responded to his roar. No sounds of frantic haste, no clattering of stove-lids, no cries of consternation and contrition, came to him from the outer room. He heard nothing but the scampering of a squirrel on the roof. So this was what passed for service on the Little Nor' East Service? It was an outrage! In all his life experience as a hunter of the large and bloodthirsty moose—(there is an Indian legend to the effect that a wounded moose once turned upon a hunter and frightened him up a tree)—the happenings of seven seasons, and each in a different neck of woods—he had never before encountered such reprehensible slackness, lack of discipline, confounded cheek, as this barefaced neglect of a point-blank order. Never!

Well, he would show these ignorant bushwhackers who they were working for on this trip

—T.Q.T., no less. He would show them what sort of service he was accustomed to receive from his servants and employees, abroad and at home. T.Q.T. pulled on breeches, boots and a sweater; and he strode to the door, flung it open, stepped across the threshold and—fell.

T.Q.T. fell awkwardly and the sound of the sharp crack in his ears synchronized with a tremendously-sharp twinge of pain in his leg. T.Q.T. swooned.

When he returned to consciousness, this mighty hunter found the world just as he had left it—how many years before he could not say. By dint of much painful twisting, he obtained a look at the unfortunate limb. The foot lay all awry. T.Q.T. knew enough to recognize that sign. He had broken his leg. He called for help. Only the echo of his own voice came back to him from the woods. He began to fear that some wild beast might come that way and devour him. He roared with fear. Then the thought that his cries might attract the evil animals put a clamp on his lips. He was in a pickle! And with the recognition of this fact, T.Q.T. swooned again.

A stinging buffet on the cheek brought him back to the realm of the up-to-date.

"Well, well, well! And to think you are here! Thaddeus Quinton Tordington; and I am here slapping your silly, arrogant face. You thought I could not afford to lose my job, and you were going to fire me good and plenty because I told you the truth, you brainless and helpless creature of circumstance. Well, I have been the victim of deep humiliation because I did not deal with you more

(Continued on page 16)

T.Q.T. was a managerial sort of person. He did not smoke tobacco, nor imbibe strong liquors. He had none of the convivial vices. They cost money, and Thaddeus Quinton Tordington loved money; moreover, he loved conviviality not at all—it was costly. But he was a hog in the employment of power. Sane, free-born, supposedly self-respecting, human beings of both sexes and varying ages, quailed before the baleful impersonality of his cold stare. He loved to see them wilt and fade away before his icyness. It was milk and honey to his selfish soul to have them cringe away backwards before him. Withal, he was at heart a worm of a man.

By means of a lucky fluke or two, and an accommodating conscience, T.Q.T. had reached a position in which he could hire and fire, make and break at a whim, at the prompting of an uncertain and a vain temper. To prove oneself right was to lose the argument and one's job as truly as the sparks fly upwards. To admit oneself wrong and have the argument might save the job—but the bigger and righter one was, the littler and lower and more utterly abject the crawling had to be.

Don Wilks was a man of ability and integrity; his services had been faithful. When he spoke he did not beat about the bush.

One morning he was called into "the presence" and, during a silence of eight or ten seconds, he regarded T.Q.T. eye to eye, while the other observed, and frankly wondered at, his look, which suggested nothing of apology or fear, but a vast weariness.

"For the good of my own soul and self-respect, I will tell you the truth about yourself, T.Q.T.," said Don. "You are nothing—or, if anything, a joke—but a bad and destructive joke. You are nothing but your job, nothing but the authority your position gives you; and you use that authority to bully your betters—your betters in brain, in heart, in spirit and in breeding. When you try to look formidable you have no gleam in your brain, no strength in your heart or your flesh. But for your money—and scarcely a dollar of that is either honest or earned—you would be an object of soup-kitchen charity.

"This is not only my private opinion of you—it is the opinion of everyone who has come in contact with you. I have wanted to tell you this for years, T.Q.T., but could not afford to do so until recently—very recently. Now I have told you, and, though it may not benefit you, for you are—though such a thing does not seem humanly possible—too stupid to believe it, I feel much better for having told you."

T.Q.T. could scarcely believe his ears, or his eyes. This was insolence, open insubordination, direct and studied defiance, and the man's expression of calm indifference was as unbelievable as the words. Was the fellow drunk?



"Queer first-aid! What are you up to, anyhow?"

Let Us Hail The Morn

A Christmas Carol which should be Sung in
the Home of Every "War Cry" Reader

Allegretto. M. ♩: 102.

mp *mf* *mp*

1. Cold was the night when bright there shone The star that led the Shep-herds on, While
2. The Prince of heav'n and earth He lay With-in a man-ger on the hay, And
3. And lat-er from the east there came Three migh-ty kings to praise His name, Bear-

hosts of an-gels choired a-bove Glad tid-ings of the Lord of Love. Such
kneel-ing shep-herds there a-dored Who knew in Him their new-born Lord. And
-ing for Him rich trea-sure thence Of gold and myrrh and frank-in-cense. So

mf

tid-ings here we bring, No-ell! No-ell! Such
of that won-drous birth, No-ell! No-ell! And
let us hail the morn, No-ell! No-ell! So

tid-ings here we bring, No-ell! No-ell! That
of that won-drous birth, No-ell! No-ell! We
let us hail the morn, No-ell! No-ell! For

mf

men of right good-will may know their King, No-ell! No-ell!
tell to all peo-ple up-on the earth, No-ell! No-ell!
lol' the Sa-viour of the world is born No-ell! No-ell!

Odd Thoughts for Christmas

THERE is an efficiency of the heart that transcends and contradicts that of the head. Things of the spirit differ from things material in that the more you give the more you have. The comedian has an immensely better time than the audience. To modernize the adage, To give is more fun than to receive. Especially if you have wit enough to give to those who don't expect it.

Surprise is the most primitive joy of humanity. Surprise is the first reason for a baby's laughter. And at Christmas time, when we are all a little childish, I hope, surprise is the flavor of our keenest joys. We all remember the thrill with which we once heard, behind some closed door, the rustle and crackle of paper parcels being tied up. We knew that we were going to be surprised — a delicious refinement and luxuriant seasoning of the emotion!

Christmas, then, conforms to this deeper efficiency of the heart. We are not methodical in kindness; we do not "fill orders" for consignments of affection. We let our kindness ramble and explore; old forgotten friendships pop up in our minds and we mail a card to Harry Hunt, of Minneapolis (from whom we have not heard for half a dozen years), just to surprise him.

A business man who shipped a carload of goods to a customer just to surprise him would soon perish of abuse. But no one ever refuses a shipment of kindness, for no one ever feels overstocked with it. It is coin of the realm, current everywhere. And we do not try to measure our kindnesses to the capacity of our friends. Friendship is not measureable in calories. How many times this year have you "turned" your stock of kindness? — Christopher Morley in Golden Book.

its conflict so terrifyingly intense!

Just a few hours of Christmas, and we wish to be Godlike, which makes us most nobly human, for God became man on that first Christmas Day; the day upon which HE GAVE—gave, out of His Throne, His Son; gave, out of His heart, His love; gave, to the last and least of the sons of men, His Hope; gave, to the bemused and despairing world, His plan; gave, to the cowered and enmiring families of earth, His cleansing; gave to the lost race, His Way Back; gave, to the dead in trespasses, His life.

For as much as that Christmas Day is a day of giving, the fashion and example having been set before us by the Love of God, let us go forth, every one of us, to make life an opportunity for the offering of gifts, in His name, who was the first Christmas gift. Gifts with which we may meet the necessities of others, even as He met our great need. A loving heart which feels for others will devise the manner in which to employ the means which God has bestowed—gifts of the heart, love, sympathy, solace, consolation, comfort, pity, wisdom, aid of many kinds.

There is one further thought. This is it: "Since God gave so that every day should be blessed, may we not endeavor to do similarly." When all the year round is truly Christmas Day, we should have reached the borders of where we are going.

Lord help us to find in Him Whom Thou didst give the value and the meaning of all our relationships one with another, and, as with gifts and good wishes exchanged at Christmas-time we keep our friendships in better repair, may we not withhold our devotion and loyalty from Him who is the friend of all mankind and most deserves our love!

THE WAR CRY How Could We Forget?

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

The Salvation Army

IN CANADA, ALASKA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

WILLIAM BOOTH, - - FOUNDER
EDWARD J. HIGGINS, - GENERAL
JAMES HAY, - - COMMISSIONER
James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Canada

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HOW long ago is last Christmas—to the child! How speedily the seasons are recurring—to those, the total of whose years mounts steadily higher!

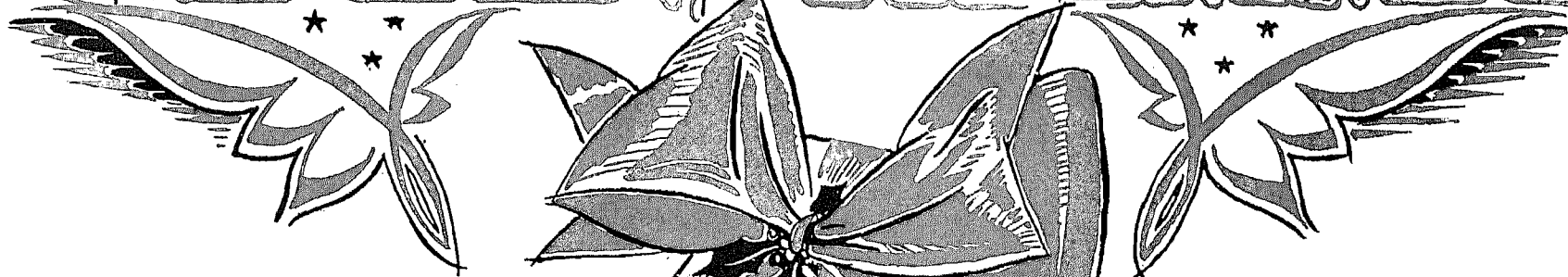
Such vapory stretches of intervening time becloud the memory of youth that, but for the cluttering of dusty toys, and the decrepit doll leaking its sawdust everywhere, it must be difficult to find proof that Xmas 1931 was much more than a dream. As for Christmases to come, those far-away seasons of fair promise—why,

they seem to be quite unthinkable.

Yet we know—those of us who have seen forty Yuletides and more—that we can keep several such seasons in full sight at once, though they never come so quickly that they spin about one's head. Could they do this last, then the wish of childhood, that it might be Christmas every day, would, seemingly, have come true.

"Only yesterday, surely only yesterday, it was Christmas before; and now it is to-morrow again," says age; and the bright illusion is established. But what lies between? Ah, the rest of the year! The struggle of the instant between! There is battle to fill the interval—Life, with

CAPTAIN'S DILEMMA



"MARRY GEORGE? No, Bob, I will never do that! He has not enough money! Why, I would have to get Dad to make me a monthly allowance to keep me dressed. Not that he would mind that, the old dear, but I should. I could never be happy if I had to count every dollar, and that's what would happen if I married George."

Elda Lambert, the spoiled and pampered daughter of a mill-owner in O—, looked disdainfully at her brother Bob, as they walked along the avenue on which stood their palatial home.

"But Elda, he has a splendid opportunity for—" Bob began.

"Opportunity! I can't live on opportunity!" the girl interpolated.

"If you would only wait, Elda, so that I could finish what I had begun to say," said Bob, who continued—"George's opportunity for rising is a good one. He will reach to a position in the mill where he will be able to give you those things to which you have been used at home."

"Yes, and while he is rising?"

"You will have an opportunity also—of proving your mettle. But, even now, he is making good money, and you would be able to live quite comfortably."

In the set in which she moved, Elda had always been looked upon as a good sport, and Bob's words about proving her mettle had presented something of a challenge to her mind. Had George sent Bob to plead his cause, she wondered; or was Bob seeking to bring her to a more serious frame of mind by speaking of marriage? But Elda had never, for one moment of her twenty-three, pleasure-filled years, had to consider serious matters.

Protected by the wealth of her father, she knew nothing about the hundreds who lived a daily hand-to-mouth existence, and even if she had, she would probably have said it was their own fault. Elda had much to learn, and one lesson was, even at that moment, rolling down the hill which separated that part of the town in which the mill-hands dwelt, from the well-kept residences of their

managers and the owner of the factory in which they toiled to keep soul and body together.

Rolling down the hill? Aye, pell-mell, with a group of the toughs of the town following in its train, laughing in derision at the spectacle it cut, as, propelled by the weight of his body, with the barrel rocking from side to side, there came into view, just over the brow of the hill, a sight which brought Elda and Bob's discussion to an abrupt termination.

"Bob, whatever is it?" asked Elda, as she drew her horror-stricken gaze from the sight of the bleeding form which, the barrel having struck against a boulder at the side of the road, had been thrown out from its temporary prison by the force of the impact, and, hurtling over gravel and stone, had rolled to her feet.

"Just some prank, I expect," answered her brother, as he stooped toward the poor fellow lying unconscious in the road.

"Prank? This is beyond a prank. What wrong could anyone do to merit such treatment?" said Elda, her words ringing with indignation. Then turning to the following crowd which gathered so quickly, she declared that such conduct was shameful, while Bob did what he could to make the victim of their cruel jest less uncomfortable.

Making her way through the crowd which Bob was dispersing, came a young woman in blue. She was not a stranger to this motley throng, for knowing glances were turned in her direction as she sped to Elda's side.

"Could I help in any way, Miss Lambert?" she said. Elda quickly rose from her kneeling position, and smiled in wonderment at the young Salvationist.

"Do you know this man?"

"Well—no, not exactly, although he has been attending our services for some time, and has expressed a desire to become one of us."

"The reason for his humiliation, I presume?"

"Yes, undoubtedly," answered the Salvationist, "but if you will let me help you?"

"My brother has now gone to the house to get one of the gardeners to help carry the poor fellow to the lodge, where his wounds may be cleansed. But I would be glad if you could wait until he returns to consciousness, as he will know you."

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." A casual word may make or mar a life. A hurried hand-clasp may bring peace where but a moment before was strife. And so it was that a rolling barrel and a bruised and bleeding man, were the means of facilitating one of God's great wonders.

Taken to the little dwelling of the gardener, the man was tenderly nursed back to health and strength. In the course of her visitation to him, Captain Nelson often met Miss Lambert, who had

taken an interest in the young would-be-Salvationist, from whom she had learned of the deeds of mercy done by the lassie Captain, finding herself becoming more and more engrossed in the work conducted among the poorer classes. And this was Elda, who, until a few weeks before, had felt little or no interest in anyone but herself!

But there was another observer of the drama which was unconsciously being played. Elda's father, a cold, proud, business man, who thought of human beings in terms of dollars and cents, did not like the turn which events had taken. The Captain was all right in her place, he thought, but that place was not in the heart of his daughter, and when, one Sunday evening, on noting that Elda was leaving the house, he questioned her as to her intentions, the storm broke.

"Going to attend Captain Nelson's service? Not if you wish to remain a daughter of mine!" he exclaimed in his anger.

"But, father, there is surely no harm in that! Why, it was only last week I heard you tell mother that you had sent for her to conduct the funeral of the child to one of your workmen!"

"That is so," answered the irate man. "Old Wellman does not attend any church, so I thought it would be quite all right, in the circumstances. That is what the young lady is here for—to work with the poor, and those who are not members of any other denomination. You are in neither of the classes mentioned, so let me hear no more of this nonsense."

Elda felt numb! Never before had her father spoken to her so. And having always managed to secure her own way, she made up her mind that, in this instance also, she would do as she pleased, and so she continued on her way to the little Army Hall on one of the side streets in the heart of the town.

Added interest in this meeting had been created by the fact that the young man of the rolling barrel episode was to be sworn-in as a Soldier, and it was with difficulty that Elda gained an entrance to the building. When safely seated on one of the hard benches, she surveyed her companions. Never before had she seen so many care-worn faces. Even the

young ones seemed to have had more than their share of this world's sorrow. But what a transformation there was, when the Captain, rising from her knees, at the front of the rostrum, smilingly lined out the opening song. The shadows which had rested on so many features had vanished, while louder and yet louder, swelled the chorus:

"I know a Fount where sins are washed away,
I know a place where night is turned to day,
Burdens are lifted, blind eyes made to see,
There's a wonder-working power
In the Blood of Calvary."

Tiredness disappeared as rhythmic clapping burst forth from all parts of the building. Here

was life as this daughter of society had never visualized it! Here was joy swelling up and bubbling over! Here was contentment—in a little wooden building on a side street, where the sunlight rarely filtered between the tall structures, where the air was usually heavy with the smoke from numerous chimneys; here—in the House of God—burdens were lifted!

This was the captivating beauty of that meeting; not the words of the Captain, as she spoke of the great truths of the Gospel, for she was not a gifted orator; but the effect of those words, for she told of

the great Burden-Bearer.

A narrow street, dark and mouldy with the nastiness of dirt and old age. Across the roadway and pavement, all littered with boxes and papers, and over which had fallen a light blanket of snow, with swarms of children rolling and tumbling, came Captain Elda Lambert, trying to pick an empty space in which to place her feet, as she threaded her way one Christmas Eve.

In her wallet she carried a letter, and under her arm was a large box of chocolates, which had come by post that very morning. When the mail had reached her humble little Quarters, Elda's heart gave a great leap as she saw the postmark of her home town. Home? Nay, it had ceased to be that when, on Christmas Eve, three years ago this very day, her father, after a succession of unhappy scenes, had forbidden his daughter to enter his home, if she persisted in her desire to become a Salvationist.

How vividly there came before her mental vision the picture of her mother as she had pleaded with her only daughter not to make it necessary for her father to take such action. But above that tearful voice she heard the voice of another mother, uttering those words of so long ago, "Whatsoever He saith unto

(Continued on page 6)





MINUTES LATE

*Nevertheless it Happened
that the Band
was Just on Time*

A Story by Warwick L. Wall

But then, they do not know that the Bandmaster has arranged with Sam that he shall play the euphonium part on his trombone, seeing that Harry Morrison, the only euphonium player in the Band, is out with the B. section in a distant village. You see, if a Band is to get over all the ground belonging to a Corps like Randleton, for Christmas playing, it simply *must* split into two parts.

And now the trombone refuses to budge! We must agree with Sam that it really is aggravating and, for my part, I can excuse the Bandmaster's caustic effort when he catches his tenor section—young Arthur Biggs, actually—covering his twitching lips with outspread palm.

"Thee'st a silly young gawky," says the Chief Official, pointing with his slim emblem of authority, which gleams dully white in the darkness; "y'd better be blowin' thee awn troompot ter keep 'n warm or thee'st be 'avin' us all waitin' fer thee d'reckly." Thereupon everybody sets to blowing in company with Sam. Billy, in the meantime, has found a box of matches, and with a plop and spurt the light is on again and the smell departs.

"Hey, Bamster," coos Curly Drappit, the drummer, "be 'e gat 'is zummum undid?"

"E's zummum?" says the boss; "w'at be 'e's zummum?"

"Laws, that twiddle bit as tworls an' locks 'n. Y' naw! Y'see, nobry else i'nt freezed!" In a flash the Bandmaster knows what the drummer means. With one touch he frees the gadget that keeps the slide from moving by accident, and all is well.

"Lorst temnitz through you," says the leader, as if it is Sam's fault; "le's gron!" and off they go.

"Can't goo out ter Soame's End, not quite time; le's try Bartle's Wood, instid," says the Band-Sergeant, as they trudge on through the snow. The Bandmaster agrees, and the word is given to turn off to the right at the cross-roads.

"Jus' 'ere be the gyate for the droive," grunts old Abe Attic, whose strap buckle is forever making a castanet effect as it taps against his Eb bombardon.

"Abe needs a second name," whispers one of the bright boys in the Band, "something beginning with an R, then he'd be able to write A.R.A. What could we call him?"

"Rheum," burbles another "spark"; "then we could call him 'Rheumatic'." But as a matter of fact the old bass player has found the gate leading to the big house, and there, just beyond the range of the lamp's bright beam, moves a shadow.

"Coo; somepin' a' movin'; reckon it be a speerit," says Billy, and, for a moment, the lamp is in jeopardy.

"Mushy nonsense," says the Captain, who has joined them on the road; "let us go and see what it is." But the shadow retreats before them step by step, keeping out of range.

"You and I will go ahead, Bandmaster," says the Captain presently, "and see what it is. Some of the boys are frightened!" So they two draw off in front of the others and are gaining on the form they follow when, suddenly, there is a sharp outcry and the sound of a man's deep voice answering a woman's shrill treble. As they come up with the couple the Captain finds himself in the presence of Mr. Bartle, the owner of "the big house"—and his daughter.

"If you had been ten minutes earlier or later you would have missed me," cries the girl. "I'm so glad you've come. I was just going to the pond in the woods to drown myself; something was driving me to it. But your coming, just at that moment, stopped me and sent me back. Thank God He sent you just then!"

A substantial donation and an expression of Mr. Bartle's thanks sped the Bandsmen back with joy in their hearts.

"Seems ter me, Bamster," says Sam Slough, "as if thicke sloide come stuck a' purpus."

"Well, well, all's well as ends well," is the Bandmaster's reply.

FROST and fizzle; snow and snigger—any amount of them; but never a move on trombone slide. Have you ever tried to play one of these "fetch-and-carry" contraptions in the depth of winter, with the mercury "somewhere below"? Perhaps not, but if you know anything about Band work out of doors at Christmas-time you will know that valves have a way of freezing and becoming absolutely rigid. There remains but one thing to do, if more than bugle calls are expected by the Bandmaster — a pouring of volumes of hot breath through the instrument, what time the valves are pressed firmly, in anticipation that the thaw thus engineered will release the icy control.

Frost and frizzle, indeed! Here is Sam Slough, the hope of the Randleton Band, at grips with his trombone, while the others gape impatiently and the portable gas-lamp flutters and flukes smokily, in demonstration of its threat to go out if something is not done quickly. Billy, just Billy, the lamp-guardian stoops, kneels in the snow, and does something with the illuminator, whereupon there is a gurgling splutter, a sudden blaze of light, and then—darkness, sudden and complete, into which steals a familiar smell.

Snow and snigger! The lads of the village think it's fine fun; and the boys of the Band may be excused if, instead of mortification, they find only amusement in the worthy Sam's struggles.

thee, do it!" and she went out into the dark, cold night, to follow His star.

Had her father relented, and written to ask her to return? Or was this missive the bearer of ill news?

Eagerly she had opened the envelope with hands that trembled as with ague. George! — her girlhood sweetheart! What could he be writing about? Here was temptation in its subtlest form. The offer of a home, with every comfort, for George was now the Vice-President of the milling company, from the control of which her father had retired, and Bob had become the President. Here she was, in a tiny Quarters, with only barely necessary comforts, facing the offer of the companionship of someone of refinement, instead of the fact that, day after day, she had to mix with the lowest of the low, while she engaged in her missions of mercy; undertaking tasks which sometimes nauseated beyond the point of endurance. But above all this George placed before her the love of his heart, for Elda had been his ideal from boyhood. She was thinking of all this as she stepped along the dirty street and climbed the rickety stairs to a garret. Elda had imagined she had won the battle on the receipt of the letter, but now — how glad she would be never again to have to look on the squalor of such places!

Reaching the topmost step, she paused for breath, and through a doorway, over which was hung a rag-

The Captain's Dilemma

(Continued from Page 5)

ged piece of curtain, which gave some privacy to the room, she heard the eerie faintness of the voice of a girl speaking to herself.

"The Captain lady said she would come to-day — because to-morrow is Christmas. I hope she hurries, for—my back is so tired—lying here all day, and Mum—Mum won't be home for—oh, a long time, and then—perhaps she might be—drunk; so she won't know—how to lift me. And the fire is out, too."

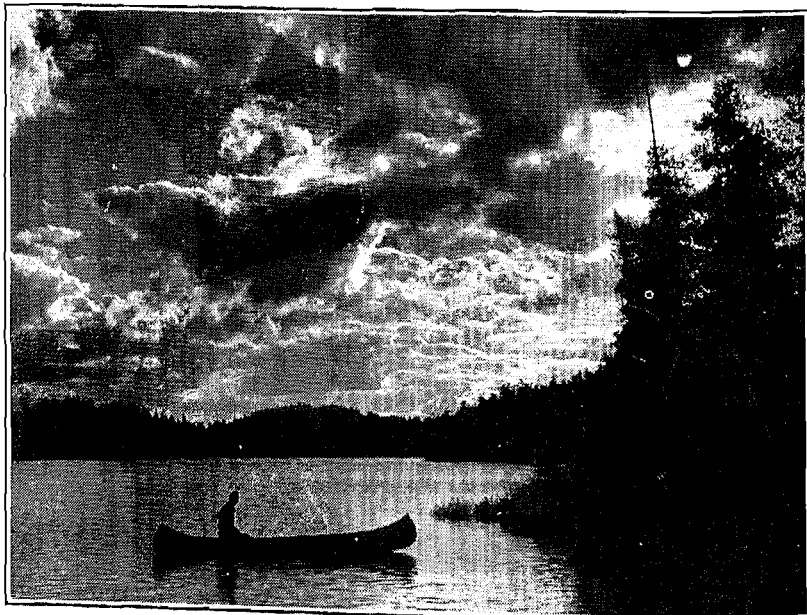
Elda moved nearer and then entered the room.

"Oh, Captain, I'm so glad you've come!" There was such a difference in the voice now. "You'll lift me, won't you?" And, it was in that instant, as Elda put her arms round the body of the frail child, that she knew how she would answer George's letter.

Placing the chocolates beside the child she took from her wallet the letter, and laying it amongst the dying embers in the grate, she fanned the smoking paper to a flame. Adding a few chips of wood thereto, Elda watched the letter slowly burn until there were only the ashes left, and, in the tiny smoke-cloud which

curled its way into the dark cavity of the chimney, she seemed to see written the living words of One Whose star she followed: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

—COLLIER.



Sunset, with stormy suggestion, on Lake Timagami [Province of Ontario Picture]

Let's Go Somewhere On Sunday!

*And because they ceased
hiding, the Jacobsons found
a solution to their problem*

DOROTHY JACOBSON lay in her little hard bed, staring with wide-open eyes at the ceiling above her. It was long past midnight, but she could not sleep, for the very strangest experience of her eight years of life had happened a few hours before. She had heard her father crying! If it had been her mother Dorothy would not have been so surprised, because Mother was little, and Dorothy could kiss her without stretching up very far, but Daddy was a big, strong man, with smiling eyes, and a hearty laugh, and a big voice that boomed out, even when he tried to talk quietly.

Dorothy remembered now that Daddy's eyes had not smiled lately, and she had not heard Daddy laugh for days. Dorothy's active little mind was wide awake now. She sat up suddenly! She began to realize why Daddy cried. Dorothy could understand a lot of puzzling events that had happened during the past few months.

She remembered, first, the time, over a year ago, when her father had come home from the office and talked to her mother about a crash. Mother had told him that business would pick up, but each day after that he had looked more worried, then, one day, he came home to say that the office was closed; the company for which he had worked had gone out of business. Mother had cheered him by telling him that he would soon find another job; but he had not found any work. Dorothy remembered, now, the nights when he had come home tired out, from walking around looking for work.

Dorothy had been glad, at first, that Daddy didn't have to go to work every day. He could stay at home, now, and play with her. He could take her out with him in his nice car. Then, she had felt sorry when he had sold the car, but he had promised to buy another soon.

One day they moved from their big house to this little flat. Dorothy began to wonder what had happened to their lovely furniture. She supposed it had been left in their home on West Street.

Dorothy had not thought of all this before, but now she felt a queer little twist, almost like pain in the region of her heart, when she realized that all this unhappiness was caused by Daddy's lack of work. She was trembling, but it was not because she was cold. She was thinking of Daddy's sobs, as he said: "I've about come to the end, Laura; I can't see you suffer much longer. Our money will only last another week, and we have nothing with which to pay the rent; and it's Christmas; and we can't even buy shoes for Dorothy. Christmas time!" Then Daddy had stopped crying, abruptly, and laughed. Dorothy had wanted to close her ears when he laughed. It wasn't really a laugh at all; it was a terrible sound, without any of Daddy's hearty good-nature bursting out through it.

When Dorothy thought of this she buried her head in her pillow, and sobbed for very shame, because, only that morning, she had shown Daddy

her worn shoes. When he had told her he couldn't afford new ones just now, she had sulked; and when Mamma had patted her curls, and had told her not to feel too badly, she had cried and stamped her feet, and shouted that they didn't love her, she hadn't had a pair of new shoes for months, and here it was nearly Christmas, and she hadn't been taken down town to see the big stores. They hadn't even bought her a new dress to wear to church on Christmas Sunday.

Dorothy remembered that at other Christmas-times she had been fitted out with nice, new clothes, and had walked sedately to church on the Sunday morning, with Mamma and Daddy. At this thought Dorothy sat up again. Church! Why she had not been to church for months. Not since they left the big house on West Street. She thought longingly of the organ music she had loved. The only music she had heard lately was the organ-grinder, at the corner, and The Army Band on the street.

Dorothy wondered if Daddy wouldn't like to hear the organ again. "I'll ask him in the morning," she said, "And I'll tell them I'm sorry for being naughty." Then she cuddled down, and her busy little mind found rest in sleep.

The next morning Dorothy was awake in time to remember her resolution before her Mother came to call her. When she came Dorothy was ready.

"Mummie," she said, "I'm just dreadfully sorry for being naughty yesterday. Please forgive me. I won't need a new dress for a long time, and, and, please, oh, please, let us go to church on Sunday morning."

Mother merely kissed her in reply to the request, but the kiss was eloquent enough to satisfy Dorothy. Later in the morning Mrs. Jacobson told her husband what Dorothy had said.

"We can't give her new dresses, and Christmas will not mean very much to her this year," she said, "but, oh, John, we must let her have her other wish. I've been wondering if we did the right thing by leaving the church, just because we were poor. We've been hiding ourselves

from our best friends, I fear, and," she breathed it softly, "from our Best Friend. Oh, John, let's go somewhere, on Sunday morning—and pray."

"We'll do that, Laura," answered Jacobson. "It might help. We'll let Dorothy choose the church."

Christmas Sunday morning came, and Mrs. Jacobson dressed Dorothy in clean, well-mended clothing, and they set out for church.

"Are we going to West Avenue?" enquired Dorothy.

"No, dear, it's too far away," replied her father. "You find one for us."

At the end of the street a Salvation Army Band sounded forth the gladdest of glad tidings. Dorothy wanted to listen, so the three waited to hear the music. When it had finished the Sergeant-Major announced the morning indoor meeting.

Dorothy had enjoyed the music—she liked it nearly as well as the big organ in the church, it

sounded so happy and Christmasy—so she grasped her father's hand, and said, "Please let us go to The Army, Daddy."

"What about it, Laura?" asked Mr. Jacobson.

"Anywhere Dorothy chooses," replied his wife. So they followed the Band, and were soon seated in an Army Hall.

The meeting finished all too soon, but even that had its compensations, for the pretty Army lady, who had helped to lead the meeting, came and asked her name and patted her curls—just like Mother—then The Army man came, too, and shook hands with them.

"Glad to see you here," he said cheerily, "and," noticing their worn clothing, "if I can be of any service to you, at any time, it will be my pleasure."

Dorothy's heart leaped. The big, strong, happy, Army man wanted to help them. Perhaps he would help her Daddy find work.

"Oh, why doesn't Daddy tell him he needs work!" she kept repeating to herself, as the Captain and Mr. Jacobson talked together; but he did not tell the Captain, so Dorothy decided she must.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobson began to walk towards the door, but Dorothy did not follow, instead, she went after the Captain.

"Please, Mr. Army man," she said, "will you find some work for my Daddy?"

"So your Daddy needs work, does he, little girl?" asked the Captain. Mr. Jacobson, coming back for Dorothy, heard the remark.

"Yes, I need work," he answered, "I'd do anything. I was book-keeper at Brown's for ten years, but haven't been able to find anything since the company went out of business."

"You're just the man I need," exclaimed the Captain. "Yesterday I called to see the manager of Smith & Company, and he asked if I knew of a book-keeper who needed work. I promised to look one up. I'll go with you to-morrow morning."

Mr. Jacobson grasped the Captain's hand, and tears of thankfulness ran down his face. Dorothy did not feel sad about the tears now. She danced around in sheer delight. There would be no more ache around her heart, Daddy would smile again—he was smiling even now; Daddy had found work!

The Army Captain did more than find work for Mr. Jacobson, the next day he called and brought with him an enormous basket of all kinds of goodies, such as Dorothy had not seen for a long time. Before he left he whispered in her ear that he had received a message from Santa Claus, to say that he had not forgotten her, and would be around after she was asleep that night. Dorothy had never doubted Santa's intention to visit her, but it was nice to be sure about it.

* * *

Again Dorothy lay in her little hard bed; but she was smiling. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and already she had heard mysterious steps outside. She was sure it must be Santa. She was smiling, too, because in the next room she could hear Daddy's big booming voice:

"You know, Laura," he said, "we've had all this unhappiness because we forgot to seek help from the right source."

"We must learn by our mistake, dear," her mother had replied, and, to Dorothy, her voice sounded all trembly with happiness. "The answer to our prayer is all too wonderful."

Dorothy wondered sleepily just what Daddy meant when he said "that a little child should lead them."—DONORA.



The Army Captain did more than
find work for Mrs. Jacobson

JIM FOLLEN'S FESTAL FIND

'T WAS ON a snowy Christmas Eve that Jim Follen made his great discovery. Does that opening sound trite? Well, it was the Eve of the anniversary of the Christ Child's birthday, and it was snowy — there were stacks, drifts, waves of it everywhere, and there was more and more ever driving before the blizzard.

Hardest of the woodsmen in Arling's Camp Jim was, nevertheless, peculiar. Now it takes all sorts of men to make up the gang at a logging camp, and many and strange studies in human nature may be found in this or that neck of the woods. Some, it has been hinted, find sanctuary, at any rate, seclusion from, shall we say, anxious inquirers who are not welcomed amidst the wooded wilds. But with it all there is a certain family likeness amongst the loggers, yet Jim Follen was different. Really, he was peculiar.

First of all there was that strange habit he had of talking to himself all the time while he swung his axe. Placing the blade with an exactitude which called for the admiration of every beholder—slice and chop bringing down the giant without an extra or unnecessary stroke—he kept up a monotone muttering, the bitterness of which not even the intensity of motion accompanying the swinging axe could accentuate or exacerbate.

Secondarily might be mentioned the actual words employed in this perpetual jabbering. These were not easy to come at, for Jim was possessed of an itching devil, and as it was certainly unwise to come within the arc of his sweeping axe, so it was difficult to get inside the range of his ever-moving body.

At meal-times, however, when he kept up his continual conversation even while he chewed, his neighbors who sat beside him long and often enough, caught the gist of his remarks. And then it was seen how simple, after all, was the matter.

Jim's words were few, as it eventuated, so few, in fact, as to be just one sentence. This was it: "If I could only find him!"

Yes, he was peculiar, was Jim Follen, and this sentence was an indication of his condition of mind. Brawny Bill Blair summed it up for the others when he said:

"Many a guy's been put away for less'n that. Somebody orter put him wise; 'tain't safe for him to go on that way. Maybe 'tain't safe for us. S'pose'n he was to take a fancy to Barney Price there, and, one fine night, use his razor for a new purpose, what ain't so new after all, come to think of it." Barney's hand hovered about his chin in a nervous uncertainty which was not concerned about the stubble it found there. Actually he seemed to be setting up a guard for his Adam's apple.

"Cut it out, Bill," growled Barney, rolling a fearful eye. Bill roared with elephantine laughter; then he exclaimed:

"Lookit, that's what Jim'll do if he gets his funny eye on you for more than a minute. Do you notice the longing sorta look he has whiles he talks to himself? He's really looking for somebody, though I wonder if he knows who it is. If he could only keep his wandering gaze on any one of us guys long enough to fix the pickshure in his mind, then, I says, it's good-bye to that guy. I vote we keep him moving. The minute he comes to a steady place look out for squalls."

Only The Army Captain seemed able to stir Jim out of his morose taciturnity.

Long will those men remember the night—they had been having a sing-song—on which the Salvationist found Arling's. There was an awful storm raging, and the Captain was

*Something of a Mystery Man, he was Helped by
The Army Captain, who Encountered Grave
Danger that he might render the Needed Service
—When the Wind Changed and Prayer ap-
peared to be in vain—The faint Summons on
the door—How the new quest was rewarded*

on trek to another place. In fact, he knew nothing of this particular logging camp. It had been a very trying day for him—he had drifted many miles out of his way, for the driving snow had obliterated all landmarks, and his strength was far spent. He had, in fact, got to that state where a man mutters to himself.

"Everything—now depends on—the wind—keeping the same—direction," the half-fainting Soldier of Salvation had said. "I can cut—a steady course, even if it is slow, and keep—from going around—in circles." And so he prayed, as he went, that the Lord of the Heavens would hold His wind in the one quarter all the time.

Presently, with both his snowshoes gone, and his failing forces having surrendered to the storm to the extent that he was obliged to crawl on hands and knees, the Captain failed to notice that the wind had veered. It happened while he lay still for a moment—spread out on all fours, panting as he fought off the treacherous desire for sleep. And when next he moved, it was on a different course! God pity the storm-driven in Canada's northern wilds!

"Saviour, like a shepherd, lead me," muttered the Captain, presently, when his chin sank into the snow, as his right arm delved deeply into a hollow. He stayed so long in that one attitude that an observer might have feared for the Captain's eventual safety. And as for guidance, that changed wind, with regard to which he was all unwitting, looked as if it might be a betrayal of his trust. Actually, however, it was all part of a wonderful plan, which the Captain's conscious intelligence would have thwarted, for he had outlined his own progression; but Divine wisdom had decided otherwise. The Shepherd needs must guide, when the sheep know not a path, and so Captain Bright came to Arling's Camp,

of the very existence of which he was entirely ignorant.

As I have said, the gang was having a sing-song, brawny Bill Blair providing the music on his banjo. Jim Follen had been asked "to oblige with a song," but he had shuffled into the background near the door, and thus it was that he heard the feeble challenge. Breaking his usual custom Jim spoke clearly and rationally when he said:

"There's someone at the door!" Then he lapsed into his old-time muttering, and added, "If I could only find him!"

"Ho, Ho!" laughed Barney Price, "p'raps this is the cove you're looking for, Jim. Open the door, man!" Jim turned to the fastenings and presently the storm burst in with a great gust of snow. But nobody stood in the opening, and Bill Blair y'led:

"Shut the door, goofy. There's nobody there." Jim was responding to the order when—it was Barney who shouted—

"Stop! There is somebody. Look! In the snow; on the door-sill!" And, sure enough, there was a figure; lying prone; one arm was outstretched where it had fallen after the faint tapping with which the Captain, positively at his last gasp, had striven to arouse the inmates of the hut on which he had come so unexpectedly.

"Land sakes! What a night to be out in!" shouted Blair, jumping for the doorway and heaving the stranger within. Bang went the door, and in a trice the unconscious Salvationist was being divested of his wrappings.

"Holy Joe. Gr-r-r! Who wants a Holy Joe?" growled Barney, as soon as he saw the red guernsey which the Captain wore. "Say, goofy," he added, turning to Jim Follen, "this your long-looked-for? You can have him, on condition that you take him away—right away!" But Jim was

busy muttering his mystic monologue in monotone.

"Sh-h-h! He's coming to," said Blair, as he desisted from his snow-rubbing for a moment. Even as he spoke the Captain's eyelids fell open. One faintly-puzzled glance swept around the circle of faces peering down upon him, and then the Captain's characteristic smile cracked across his storm-tortured features, as he said:

"So I landed somewhere, at any rate."

"One always lands somewhere," said Jim, coming to the side of the Salvationist. "And, remember this, I found you!"

"Quite a speech for Goofy Jim," said Barney Price.

"Seems to be coming out of his shell between times," Bill Blair added, then, turning to the Captain. "Yes, you have arrived; as Jim says, one always does. Only you might have gone on a long journey, boy; the long journey. It wasn't far from you."

"Twas the Shepherd led," the Salvationist replied. "Where has He brought me?"

"Arling's."

"Never heard of it." When they had given the location of the camp, Captain Bright exclaimed, "Now, indeed, I know that He led me; for I was booked many miles away. This is totally new ground to me. I wonder why He brought me here. Must be something to do. Any preacher ever come this way?"

"Nary a one, boy. They give us the go-by. Guess they are wise, too," answered Blair.

"Oh, I don't know. We'll see!"

Presently they put the Captain to bed, and for two days they cared for him. Then, quite recovered from his exhausting experience, the Captain bestirred himself. Said he:

"What is the date?"

"The twenty-fourth!" came the answer.

"And I'm supposed to be at B—"

"You can't make it; it's all of fifty miles away, and the storm doesn't let up much."

"I must telephone."

"All lines are down!"

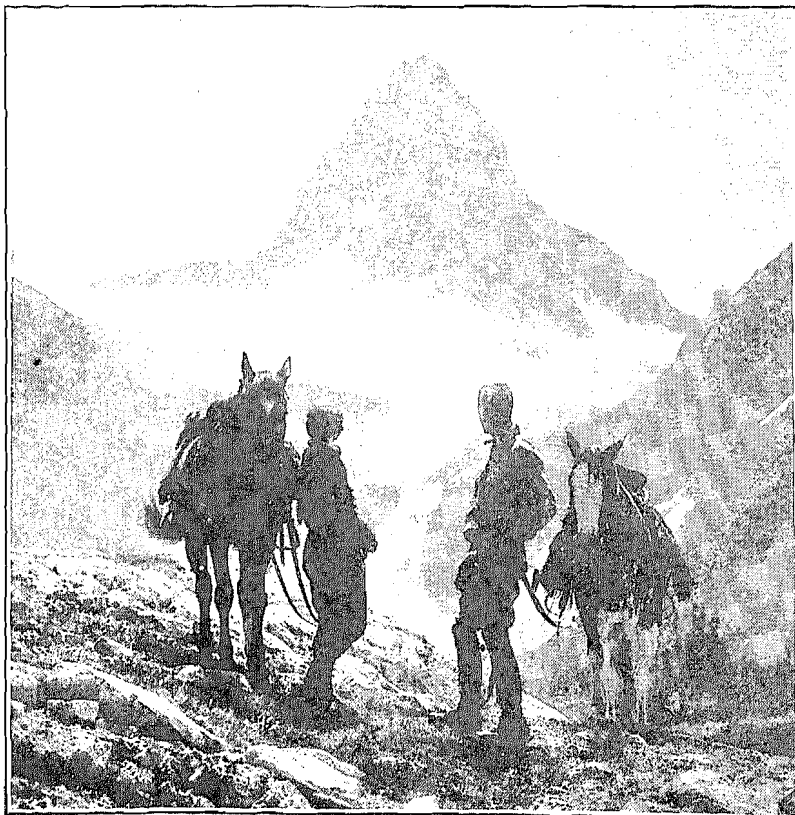
"Then I must get busy here and justify my existence. Besides, God has some work for me to do, I'm sure." So they arranged a free-and-easy sing-song to oblige him, and the Captain spoke of the Saviour whose birthday was to be celebrated on the morrow. It was an informal occasion. Now and again — so natural were the proceedings — one of the men would light his pipe and, in a moment more, the service of My Lady Nicotine would be entirely forgotten, as the Captain told how he searched for and found the Saviour for himself. Again he would tell of other men he had known who made the same gladdening discovery. His text, if such it could be called, was based upon his own experiences, and couched in the words of a song which one of the men had sung, "Show me the way to go home."

"Nothing very religious about that," someone will say. No, indeed. But if you had heard Captain Bright divide his subject, you'd have agreed that it might well have come out of the Bible.

Finally, the Captain spoke of the Seeking Saviour, who, as a tender Shepherd, was looking for the lost ones. It was at this point that Jim Follen crashed in with his query.

"Where is He? If I could only find Him! I heard a man in Montreal talk of Him. He stood on the corner of the street; he wore a red vest like yours. I've been searching for Him ever since."

"That's good news," said the Captain; his eye glistening in the lamplight, as he looked down upon the motley gathering and right back to cookie, who stood near the door, (Continued on page 16)



[Photo by Armstrong Roberts.—Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway.
Majestic dignity supreme.—A study of Mount Assiniboine

HIS GREAT MOMENT: an epic of the air

By John T. and Thomas Edward Body.

This thrilling story will bring at your heart strings. It is a human document; it throbs with action and is a plea for peace.



WAS early morning. A heavy mist hung over the flying field of the 79th Pursuit Squadron, as five grey ships skimmed across the tarmac and headed into the mysterious dawn.

The plane flying at point was piloted by Squadron - Commander Major Powers, and behind him,

completing the "V" formation, came four veteran pilots of the same unit; their mission: to pass over the enemy lines and "strafe" the aerodrome commanded by Baron Von Splitzen, a noted ace with no mean record. The other side had been causing far too much damage in that particular sector, and the 79th was determined to bring these undesirable activities to a speedy conclusion.

As the planes reached a higher altitude, the mist thinned, and the rising sun, bursting through the clouds in a blaze of dazzling splendor, glistened gloriously upon the quivering wings of the planes. Well across the line they soon sighted their objective, which they reached in a few minutes, whereupon Major Powers gave the signal to dive, and, with one accord, the five ships plunged earthward. Taut with the terrific strain, the wings of the planes sang their peculiar song as the air whistled about them. On the ground men were rushing madly about, some for gun pits, and others for the planes lined up in front of the hangars. Long before any of the Fokkers could take off, however, the allied ships had swept across the field, firing at any object which swam into the range of their gun sights, and leaving a trail of devastation in their wake. Three times this manoeuvre was repeated, then, leaving the field of blazing destruction, Major Powers headed his flight for home.

On their return trip, the five airmen continually scanned their aerial world as, for the first half of their journey, they had the sky to themselves, but, when they had still about twelve miles to go, there swooped down upon them, seemingly from the heart of the sun, six blood-red planes, bearing the black Maltese cross.

In an instant the heavens seemed filled with whirling, diving, zooming planes. In that one terrible onslaught the allied formation was split asunder, and one of the five fell, a blazing mass, to earth. The four remaining pilots, seeing their comrade falling in flames, were seized with intensified desire to wipe out their opponents. Flinging caution to the winds, they threw themselves upon the six German planes, now preparing for another rush.

In that mad encounter two of the red planes were brought down, one ship in flames, and the other, with the airman dead in the cock-pit. Those of the Maltese cross squadron who now remained lost heart and turned to flee, but, ere they could do so, another ship reeled and plunged flaming earthward.

Satisfied that further action was unnecessary, and with his main object achieved, Major Powers and his three companions wheeled about and sped homeward.

When, in due course, the report of the engagement was released for publication, the papers headlined it:

AN EPIC OF THE AIR

"I tell you again, you don't know who you are talking to. If you did you wouldn't waste any more time on me. I'm a bad man—I've been in jail—I'm a wicked man!"

His words came in jerks, accompanied by frequent use of his hands and the nodding of his head by way of emphasis, as is customary with one who has been imbibing too freely.

"Come on, old-timer. Pull yourself together. You've been overdoing it, and it's got the better of you. Don't you think you'd better keep on walking instead of hanging around like this? And, for goodness' sake, don't attempt to cross the street again to-night until you are sobered up, or we shall have another inquest on our hands. Look! Here comes a police officer! But he won't bother you if he sees you are talking to me. Do try and stand still for a couple of minutes, won't you? I'll fix it up with the cop, if necessary. He is your best friend right now, if you only knew it. Hold still now."

"Hello, Bill! Who's your friend?" Thus the policeman, with a knowing

wink in the direction of the unsteady one. "Trying to save me another call at the station, eh? Oh, well, I'm just as well pleased; it's nearly time for me to report 'off,' and, as you know, I'm playing Santa Claus to-night to a gang of youngsters at Number Twelve. Anyway, I'd rather not spoil Christmas Day for that poor fellow."

"And see here, you—Mr. Pollywog—or whatever they call you—see that you do as my pal here tells you, or . . ." He made a grimace that might have meant anything, and to Bill he added, as he prepared to resume his journey, "Good night, merry Christmas! And now for home, and the wife and the kid! He's a year old to-morrow, you know. Oh, boy! He was her Christmas gift to our home. We didn't know what Christmas really meant till he came. Once again, a merry Christmas, Bill—and to you, too, Pollywog!"

"And many of them to you, Jack!"

"Say, why didn't you tell me you were a plain-clothesman? May as well give myself up, and save a lot of trouble. A pretty mess I'm in now! Christmas! Bah!" Anger, swiftly changing to disgust and remorse, were plainly written on his face. There was no mistaking that look; it had reached a high pitch of expressiveness.

"Well, what does it mean to you, anyway? I'd like to know! Have you any babies and a missus waiting at home for you, and for Christmas? To look at you, right now, it's hard to believe that you were once an innocent, blue-eyed, cooing kid. Come to think of it, it's harder still to think that He who was called the Babe of Bethlehem had to be born in a manger, and grow up to manhood, and then be nailed to a Cross for the likes of you—yes, and me, too. I can't understand it—I never could! I've heard it said that, had there been no Christmas, there could have been no Calvary, and it's because of all this that we are celebrating (Con. on page 16)



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On their return trip, the five airmen continually scanned their aerial world as, for the first half of their journey, they had the sky to themselves, but, when they had still about twelve miles to go, there swooped down upon them, seemingly from the heart of the sun, six blood-red planes, bearing the black Maltese cross.

In an instant the heavens seemed filled with whirling, diving, zooming planes. In that one terrible onslaught the allied formation was split asunder, and one of the five fell, a blazing mass, to earth. The four remaining pilots, seeing their comrade falling in flames, were seized with intensified desire to wipe out their opponents. Flinging caution to the winds, they threw themselves upon the six German planes, now preparing for another rush.

In that mad encounter two of the red planes were brought down, one ship in flames, and the other, with the airman dead in the cock-pit. Those of the Maltese cross squadron who now remained lost heart and turned to flee, but, ere they could do so, another ship reeled and plunged flaming earthward. Satisfied that further action was unnecessary, and with his main object achieved, Major Powers and his three companions wheeled about and sped homeward.

When, in due course, the report of the engagement was released for publication, the papers headlined it:

AN EPIC OF THE AIR

"I tell you again, you don't know who you are talking to. If you did you wouldn't waste any more time on me. I'm a bad man—I've been in jail—I'm a wicked man!"

His words came in jerks, accompanied by frequent use of his hands and the nodding of his head by way of emphasis, as is customary with one who has been imbibing too freely.

"Come on, old-timer. Pull yourself together. You've been overdoing it, and it's got the better of you. Don't you think you'd better keep on walking instead of hanging around like this? And, for goodness' sake, don't attempt to cross the street again to-night until you are sobered up, or we shall have another inquest on our hands. Look! Here comes a police officer! But he won't bother you if he sees you are talking to me. Do try and stand still for a couple of minutes, won't you? I'll fix it up with the cop, if necessary. He is your best friend right now, if you only knew it. Hold still now."

"Hello, Bill! Who's your friend?" Thus the policeman, with a knowing

wink in the direction of the unsteady one. "Trying to save me another call at the station, eh? Oh, well, I'm just as well pleased; it's nearly time for me to report 'off,' and, as you know, I'm playing Santa Claus to-night to a gang of youngsters at Number Twelve. Anyway, I'd rather not spoil Christmas Day for that poor fellow."

"And see here, you—Mr. Pollywog—or whatever they call you—see that you do as my pal here tells you, or . . ." He made a grimace that might have meant anything, and to Bill he added, as he prepared to resume his journey, "Good night, merry Christmas! And now for home, and the wife and the kid! He's a year old to-morrow, you know. Oh, boy! He was her Christmas gift to our home. We didn't know what Christmas really meant till he came. Once again, a merry Christmas, Bill—and to you, too, Pollywog!"

"And many of them to you, Jack!"

"Say, why didn't you tell me you were a plain-clothesman? May as well give myself up, and save a lot of trouble. A pretty mess I'm in now! Christmas! Bah!" Anger, swiftly changing to disgust and remorse, were plainly written on his face. There was no mistaking that look; it had reached a high pitch of expressiveness.

"Well, what does it mean to you, anyway? I'd like to know! Have you any babies and a missus waiting at home for you, and for Christmas? To look at you, right now, it's hard to believe that you were once an innocent, blue-eyed, cooing kid. Come to think of it, it's harder still to think that He who was called the Babe of Bethlehem had to be born in a manger, and grow up to manhood, and then be nailed to a Cross for the likes of you—yes, and me, too. I can't understand it—I never could! I've heard it said that, had there been no Christmas, there could have been no Calvary, and it's because of all this that we are celebrating (Con. on page 16)



Rhapsody in Blue

*The Service of
Salvation Song,
made sacred to the
Saviour's glory, is
seen on ten thousand
street corners*



LEASE come close about the door and sing your very sweetest!" The lady who made the request had been weeping—was weeping yet—and the members of the Songster Brigade felt strangely stirred as they sang, with the result that their music was inexpressibly sweet. One of the soprano singers was in a position to notice that the lady was using the telephone in the hall, occasionally speaking a word.

"Yes, dear; I'll ask," said she, presently, putting down the earpiece, and crossing to the door.

"May I ask if you have a song with the refrain—'To save a poor sinner!'" she said. The Songster-Leader replied in the affirmative.

"Could you sing that now? I'd like to explain that a sister of mine is listening over the long-distance line. She is very sick. A Salvation Army woman is with her and suggests that you sing that song. You will? Wait a moment." Then, going to the 'phone, she said, "They will do that. Are you ready? Very well, then."

And that wonderful old song rolled across the wintry landscape outside, while the electric waves wafted the same strains to the far-distant bedroom.

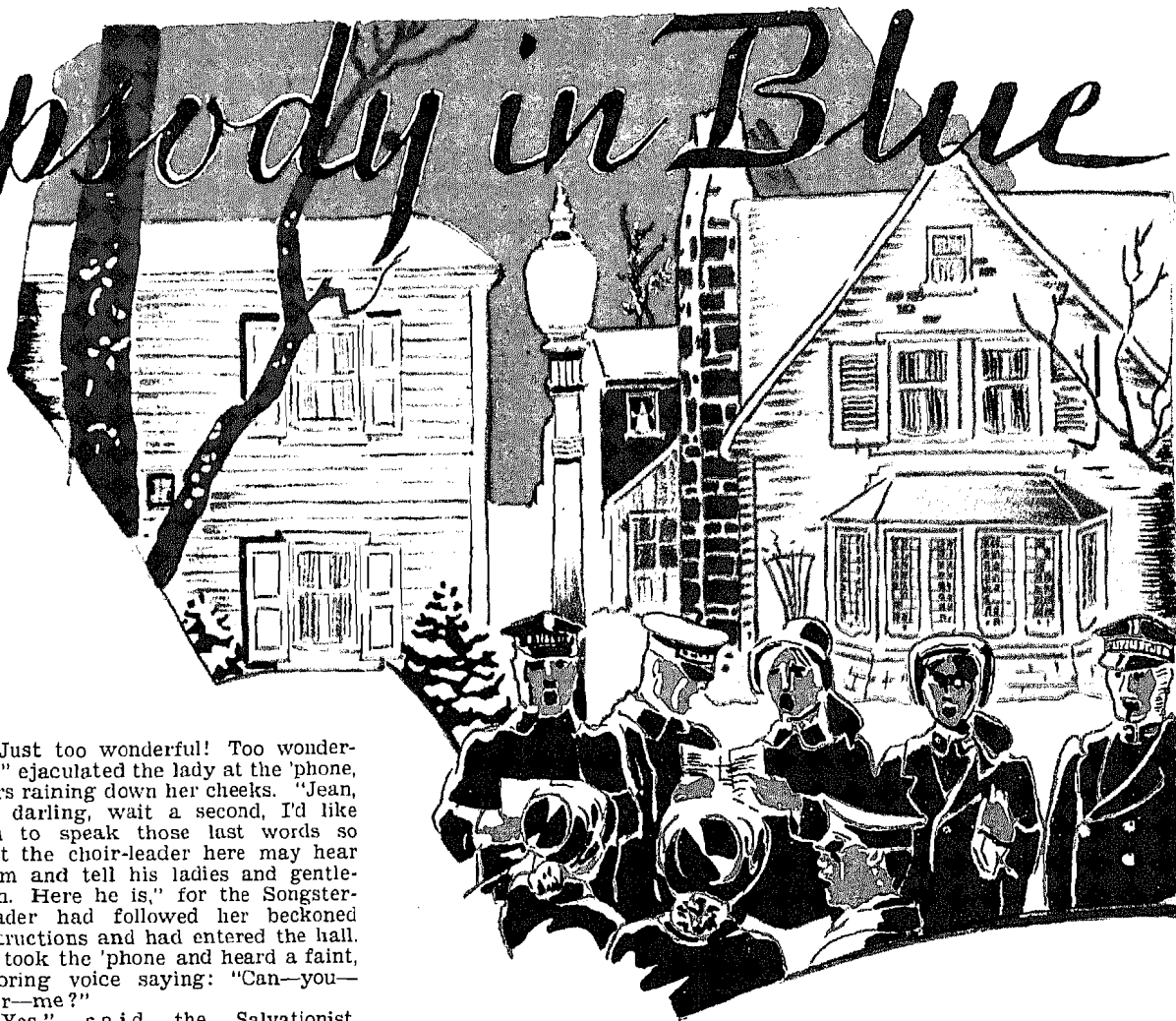
"Just too wonderful! Too wonderful!" ejaculated the lady at the 'phone, tears raining down her cheeks. "Jean, my darling, wait a second, I'd like you to speak those last words so that the choir-leader here may hear them and tell his ladies and gentlemen. Here he is," for the Songster-Leader had followed her beckoned instructions and had entered the hall. He took the 'phone and heard a faint, laboring voice saying: "Can—you—hear—me?"

"Yes," said the Salvationist, "easily!"

"I have heard your song," said the sick woman. "They tell me—I—I shall never—hear another—in this world; but—I want you—to know, and to tell—your people, that I believe it—what you sing. I receive it—and its blessing—'To save—a poor—sinner—like me.' Thank you—oh, thank you!"

Is it any wonder that that Songster-Leader rhapsodizes regarding the Songsters' opportunity for pouring out blessing upon the sons and daughters of men—into their very souls—per the medium of vocal music?

Situated advantageously in a Western Canadian city, lives a family



which, a few years ago had no intention of ever leaving the beautiful and peaceful seclusion of the Welsh valley in which, for generations, people of their name had dwelt honorably amongst their neighbors. Obligated by changing industrial conditions to snap the ties that bound them to that soil, the little group voyaged to the Land of the Maple Leaf.

Fond of singing, and capable withal, they made a little Songster Brigade in themselves and became a big blessing in the small Corps to which, in due course, they became attached far out West.

Having organized a successful Serenading Campaign, they all met for supper in the home of a hearty supporter of the Corps. Suddenly the host called for a story.

"One of you ought to be able to give a real thrilling account of Christmas serenading, for instance," he urged.

"Let Dad have it," said the smiling wife of the Leader, and when that worthy had agreed, this was the story they heard:

"Long, long ago," he began; "my people—I mean the sons of Gwalia—experienced a dark episode in history; but the Welsh people clung to their love for music. Especially at Christmas time do we delight our souls in melody which sounds the praises of the 'new-born King!'"

"The Brigade attached to our Corps arrived one winter's evening, during serenading, at the secluded home of the titled people of the valley. It was our purpose to sing to the family and guests at dinner. The house was ablaze with lights, making the snowy scene in the courtyard picturesque to a degree. Carriages were coming and going as the guests arrived; the portly butler, an ancient servitor in that family, agreed we should commence to sing right away.

"'Joy to the world,' was the burden of our opening message, and we had commenced that Army song which always thrills us in Wales, 'The Saviour chose a lowly place,' with the chorus, 'Bending low, seeking so, men to save from endless loss,' when the butler swung wide the massive door which had closed some minutes before upon the last arrival.

"'Sir William begs that you will all come inside the hall,' said the old man, when we had concluded the first chorus, and, accordingly, we trooped across the quadrangle, and up the

sweeping stone steps. There stood Sir William and his good lady at the door. The guests, all smiling widely, were grouped behind them.

"'Come you in!' said the baronet. 'I want you to have dinner to-night. Do us the honor to eat at our table, please, in the name of Him of whom you sing so well. My friends and my lady and I will see to your wants; it will be a memorable Christmas for us. And then, we will sing for you. Bless you, you Army people, you sing to us all the year round, in all weathers, on our inhospitable street corners. You seek entrance for the Prince of Peace and few, all too few, heed your invitation and fewer yet respond. Now we desire the privilege to bid you within, for you bring Him with you; and eat at our board, for thus shall we entertain and minister to Him. Oh, do not fear, the joy is all ours!'"

"Tears rolled down the ruddy cheeks of the famous mine-owner; his charming lady, snow-crowned and exquisitely dignified, was unashamed of the glistening beads which, bedewing her gracious cheeks, found no aids to beauty to which damage might be done thereby. The guests tried to voice their support, but the occasion was too tense with mellowed and moving impressiveness.

"As for the Songsters, they were in a state! Joy, amazement, shyness, and inspired uplift mingled to make them to be indescribably stirred. But the dinner went forward with leisurely pace, course succeeding course, and the ladies and gentlemen most beautifully tactfully indicating the cutlery to employ and the customs of the table. I shall never forget it—never! And when they came to sing for us, a number of the people being trained singers, our cup was full to overflowing.

"Then a gong sounded and all eyes turned to Lady Cwms, who stood beside Sir William at the great open fireside.

"'My dear Servants of the King!' she began bravely, when a great gush of emotion made her eyes to swim and her voice to fail. In a moment she regained command, however, and proceeded, 'Sir William and I will never forget this night. This home will never be the same again, for you have brought in, and to our table, the One you serve, and we have served Him, too. You sung to Him at grace, (Continued on page 20)



The Son of the Highest



"He shall be great, and shall be called the son of the Highest."

Thus St. Luke describes the angel's message to Mary

"Let us carry on!" says
The Commissioner

"HE SHALL BE GREAT," and not less shall He be "The Man of Sorrows." He shall be — and is — "The Son of the Highest"; but He is also "the Brother born for adversity." The Jews, we know, looked for a deliverer—powerful, able, clever, kingly, possibly revolutionary, and finally effective to deliver the nation and bring peace, dignity and lordship to Israel—but what a reversal!

"They were all looking for a King
To slay their foes and set them high;
Thou camest, a little baby thing,
That made a woman cry."

Yet, what worship and adoration is poured out towards the Holy Babe, so feeble, yet so powerful, so humble, yet so majestic! Yes, indeed, that Divine, yet human, manifestation has captured millions, and will continue to do so. The highest intellects gather around the Bethlehem scene, as do equally the poor and lowly; and they are glad to repeat the old familiar story and "pour out their treasures." Alas! that Christ in lowly guise should prove a stumbling-block to any; yet so it is—though we must not forget it would have been so had the manifestation been reversed.

"Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?"

Ah! if only He were the Son of the Highest" and were so expressed to the material mind of backslidden Israel — that might have secured an entirely national reception, and for a time have appeared safe. But that was not God's way—the expression of His greatness must be after God's plan. God also knows the infinite sacrifice thus entered into, and He who appoints the Divine, co-equal Son to manifest Himself in the simple shepherd scene at Bethlehem, has also the true glory hidden, and in His good time it will be revealed. All God's saviours are great, even as Isaiah said, and none more so than our blessed Christ.

HE SHALL BE GREAT—IS GREAT—IN HEAVEN, whatever failure there may be on earth; however slow they are to receive and acclaim Him on earth; however sadly the rejection emerges, showing that "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Heaven knows; angels know. Has not an angel just brought the message? They know the heights of Glory from whence He came—the unquestioned authority and command over tens of thousands of the Heavenly host. "He shall be great!" Even Satan knows it. His kingship and lineage, His age-long glory and ultimate victory is not—and was not—unknown to the Prince of Devils. He would least dispute the Heavenly communication to Mary; and through every passing phase of his self-chosen humility he still knows—Jesus of Bethlehem was born to subdue. "He shall be great!" Are we not saying it on earth? Surely nineteen centuries of human experience take up the acclaiming and confirming chorus! History in this respect is constantly reaffirming the great things about Christ.

This Perfect Expression

Alas, how slowly we learn this perfect expression of Divine greatness as set forth in the coming of the gentle and lowly Saviour! How reluctantly we accept the humiliations of life, even though that course, that experience, has the Divine sanction! How disconsolate we are when pathways of seeming defeat are appointed for us! How rebellious when the ready and quickly-achieved praise of men is withheld, and when our

portion of self-sacrifice and suffering for the souls of men is unrecognized or not adequately esteemed! Can we not learn our lesson while we worship and adore? The lowly Babe is great—as is the Boy at the Temple—as is the humble Carpenter—or the Wanderer who "had not where to lay His head." So also is "The Son of the Highest" in perfect harmony with every note of angelic praise, even when He is traduced—when His best words and purest acts are misrepresented, and His manifestation of power is attributed to devils. Great indeed when He heals, helps, delivers, saves; but equally so when He is "despised and rejected of men," and dies as the victim of religious jealousy and bitterness. His sublime sacrifice, wrought by those who hated Him, is truly working out the Divine program of Salvation; and thus He prays—"Father, forgive them; they know not what they do," while the Roman Centurion is soon saying, "Truly this was the Son of God."

We, therefore, adore Him who, great in service and self-sacrifice, sets up the standard for all who come to Him and who name His Name. Truly, selfishness dies and service lives. The Highest "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister"—"I am among you as one that serveth." Who should fail here? And why fail? The Christ Spirit is still communicated to seeking sincere souls in this world of selfishness and low ideals. India, Africa, China, awake to recognize this; the great and old nations come to see it; and will not the nominally Christian peoples hear a new call to the life and standards of Jesus when philosophy and education have outrun themselves; when science and that self-sufficient materialism, so frequently idolized, have offered their best; when anguished exploration among the mysticism of this, and the imagination of that, has yielded its disappointing fruits? Do we not see everywhere those votaries of other than Christ who, disappointed and disillusioned in their vain pursuits, have at last paused—turned—and rendered obedience, though withal long delayed, to the claims of Christ, joined in the world-acclamation, and passed on to adoration and service?

HERE IS OUR GREAT TASK—TO PREACH



Alas! that Christ in lowly guise should prove a stumbling block to any

A LIVING CHRIST! It is our business to maintain the angelic declaration. It is our privilege to go on lifting Him up. Let Him have the pre-eminence! In every home in Canada, I trust, some movement will soon be made to usher in the happy day when all will honor Him. At any rate let there be nothing lacking in the homes of Salvationists. Christ our All and in All—the Son of the Highest—the Lord of our lives!

"Jesus Christ who, being the Holiest among the mighty, and the Mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hand empires off their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its course, and still governs the ages."

The angelic description heralding His greatness should be manifested among His people. "As He is, so are we in the world." Like Master, like servant. Someone has said, "Christianity never could have become great if it had not had something great in its heart." Are we following the Divine order here—sinking low that we may rise to the higher? Let us more and more consider Him, our Ideal. He went to the lowest places; but He has attained control of all those forces that shape the destiny of peoples and nations and centuries. He went to a Cross, and secured there a Throne from which to rule the world.

What a Unique Height!

Strauss, the infidel, says: "It is absolutely certain no man will ever surpass Jesus Christ." And Fitchett, ere he passed away at Melbourne, said of Him, "No event has towered high enough to top Jesus Christ." What a greatness! What a unique height He has reached! What achievements He has wrought! How inescapable are His words, His influence, His light, His power! Wherever He is permitted, either by individual hearts or collective peoples, to have that sway He longs for, what transformations He performs! Shall we invite Him to do all those gracious things He longs to do for us? Come, then, let us adore and manifest our love! Thus shall we praise the Name of our Heavenly Father in all the transcending inflow of His benevolence to us. "God so loved . . . that He gave"—the Highest for the lowest—the Purest for the least pure—the Divine for sadly-defaced and ruined humanity.

It is our joyful task to make the Christ known; to teach His truth; to publish His unmatched Salvation; and to press His claims anywhere and everywhere among the needy souls of men. For, remember, there is not only no other Saviour, but none can dare to match Him; while to surpass Him is impossible. As Stanley Jones says:

"There is one way that Jesus can be surpassed. . . . It will only be when someone with purer and richer character will go to deeper depths, go through a narrower gate, toil up a lonelier Calvary, and give Himself more completely than Jesus did. Then, and then only, can He be surpassed."

The soul of Mary rejoiced, and was lifted up in praise and gratitude for such signal manifestation of the Divine favor. Why not more rejoicing among ourselves? Why not drop restraint and moderation, and pour forth in fullest measure our heart-praises, and lowly, though earnest, service? Both are alike pleasing to our God; both are necessary to men; and both will appear and re-appear in the life and work of every true Salvationist who walks with God—who abides in Christ and often communes with Him. Let us, then, carry on our joyful proclamation.

LIEUTENANTS OF SANTA CLAUS

ONE of the outstanding features of the modern Christmas season is the increasingly important part played by the Postal Service. Without the postman, Christmas would be a much less joyous occasion. The development of this service has kept pace in really remarkable fashion with the expansion rendered possible by penny postage; but the peak of the postal business is reached in Christmas week. At that time the proficiency of officials and men of the postal service is taxed to the utmost in order that the public may not be disappointed.

The postal system comprises a number of branches, with some of which the public is in more or less daily contact. It sees the postman on his rounds, the transfer agents at the railway depot, the postal clerks at work in the post office, and, if the occasion requires, it may see the District Superintendent with his staff of inspectors and clerks. But there is another branch of the service,

We welcome the arrival of the postman at Christmas-time, but few there be who know what leads up to his coming. The accompanying article gives you a new insight into Postal Car activities

patch at Sarnia, where we arrive on the dot of 10 a.m. Dave accompanies the mail to Sarnia office on the mail truck, in the care of Bob and Jim, while Alex and I, left in the car, prepare our stationery, bags, etc., for our return trip. Every bag we make up bears a properly addressed label, and each package of letters a facing slip bearing the name of the post office, or railway post office, for which it is intended. The preparation of this part of a clerk's duty entails both time and effort,

as the name of our own Railway Post Office and our initials have to be placed on each for identification purposes.

On the trip back to London there is time for business only. So, after lunch we get to work. By special arrangement, we receive part of our letter mail, from our neighbor, "Uncle Sam," early in the afternoon, so as to give us more time for proper sortation. Some of our U.S. friends have funny ideas concerning this Canada of ours. We receive packages addressed,

"Canada," "Ontario," or "Eastern Provinces," and find mail matter included for all parts of the Dominion. A letter originating in a small Illinois town, addressed to Edmonton, Canada, bore the inscription in a lower corner "near Toronto." Another from a town in Michigan, was addressed to "Buffalo, Ontario, Canada, U.S.A."

These U.S.A. packages have to be opened and sorted, between Sarnia and London, into separations which will give the quickest and best dispatch possible to each letter or parcel.

We connect at London with No. 16, "The Eastern Flyer," whose connections, in turn, are many and varied. If the first load, after lunch, is any criterion of what is to follow, there is going to be plenty of action. I am using 225 boxes in my letter case, and the other boys are using every available bag and box. We are due out of Sarnia at 4.45 p.m., but owing to a delay to our connections across the border, we are thirty minutes late in getting away.

Our train consists of five passenger cars, baggage car, mail car, and engine. We are placed directly behind the engine, which is one of the giant 6000 type, the largest and fastest passenger engine in the service. In this position, we get all the full force of its speed, and when we hit sixty miles an hour, or better, we always know it by the vibration of the boxes in the letter case. They actually seem to be bouncing in front of our eyes.

At Petrolia, Joe has a truck-load for us, and after tossing me the lock-bag to give me a chance at the letters, Alex and Dave start stocking the other matter away. Out from Petrolia, we head for Wanstead, and have managed to make our running time for the first lap of twenty-five miles. We leave Wyoming still thirty minutes late. The regular running time from there to London is one hour and twenty-eight minutes, with seven stops.

Our engine and crew pull the "Eastern Flyer" from London to Toronto, so they cannot afford to be late into London. Will they be on time to-night? The engineer "opens her up," and away we speed into the night. We hesitate at Wanstead for the mail, and on again for Watford. If we have luck we may not have to stop at Kingscourt; sure enough we get by without the "board." Dave, who is in a meditative mood, wiping the sweat and dust from his face, sees the switch lights flash by. Three sharp blasts

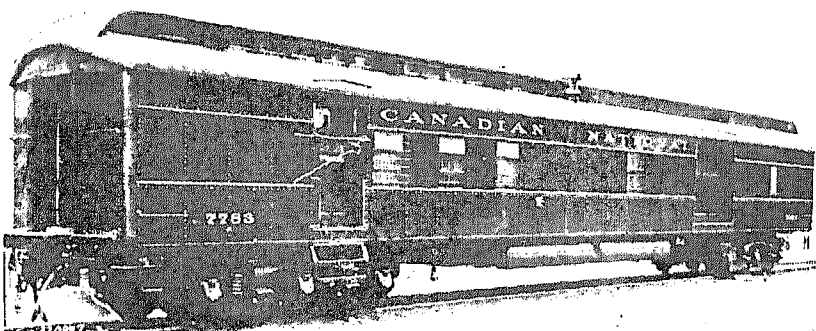
of the wheels and the jar of grinding brakes, cause us all to reach for the "rods," as the air takes effect. The excitement is only momentary, however, as the engineer immediately opens again. Some motorist, trying to beat us to a crossing, lost his nerve before he got there, contributing more gray hair to the engineer's collection.

At Watford Earl and his dog are there with a team, and what seems, at first glance, an accumulation of all last month's mail. So the merry whirl goes on, bag after bag of parcels and bundle after bundle of letters to sort. The strain gets greater as the letter case exhibits a tendency to bounce, a bad sign on a night like this. However we take another load, grit our teeth, and decide to stick.

Kerwood is passed, with its courier sparkling in the night, and its quota of Christmas cheer is added to the rest! Strathroy approaches, and Mose, who seems to have been over-zealous in his efforts, provides the proverbial straw that breaks the camel's back.

Strathroy to London is a nightmare; hardly room to move, let alone work, and the engineer speeds on in an effort to bring his train in on time. He no sooner finishes blowing the whistle for one crossing, than he has to start again for the next, giving the impression of a whistle tied open. Sixty seconds and less it takes to cover the distance between mile posts, making our speed from sixty to seventy miles an hour.

We arrive at London Depot three minutes late, having made up twenty-seven minutes in forty-six miles, which reduces our working time by one-third. Weary transfer agents meet us. They are equipped with four-wheeled trucks, on which we load 650 bags of Christmas mail, that we have had the pleasure of "tending" for seventy-one miles of their journey. Tired and dirty we wend our respective ways homeward, feeling that we have been participants in bringing joy and gladness to hundreds, and that, like St. Nicholas, we are never seen in action.



[Photo: Courtesy Canadian National Railway]

Exterior of a typical Postal Car on the C.N.R. route

of which the public sees little or nothing. That is the Railway Mail Service, junior in point of years but an indispensable unit in the country's postal system.

But let us look at the actual operation, say, of a postal car as it functions for Santa Claus.

Come now to the morning of the Wednesday before Christmas. The scene is the London station of the Canadian National Railways. On the far track stands the 7.40 a.m. train for Sarnia. The three clerks, which will work the route, have been busy since before 7 o'clock and will get back again to London at 7.10 p.m., if connections at the border are on time.

A postal car is a miniature post office on wheels, handling mail matter just as it is handled in the post office, with the exception of selling stamps and weighing. Says C. Reade, in the "Canadian National Railways Magazine," we assort letters, parcels and papers, cancel stamps, keep a record of registered and special delivery matter, all as the train speeds between stations.

The crew numbers three—Dave and Alex and the writer. As we gather motion, Alex has enough papers and parcels left to sort to keep him busy, with the help of Dave, to Strathroy, our first mailing port. Having been elected to run the letters for the week, I turn in with the Christmas avalanche upon me. By dint of hard work we are ready for "Mose," the courier, who meets us at Strathroy with his handsleigh and receives thirty-five sacks, necessitating several trips between station and post office.

Leaving Strathroy, we get busy on the mail received from that office. With a grinding of brakes, the train slows down for Kerwood and I hastily tie up the letters for that office. The courier here meets us with a two-wheeled cart for which he supplies his own motive power.

Watford is our next stop, where "Barker," the courier's dog, leads the parade between post office and the depot, advertising the event with his continual "music." Next we head for Wanstead, but Kingscourt, a flag station, sometimes holds us a minute. This morning is no exception; we are stopping. A knock at the side door, which Alex answers, reveals to us the smiling face of a young fellow with a letter to post. He hands it to Alex, address side down. As I expected, it is for a lady friend. He is a modest lad.

The courier at Wanstead is appropriately named "Morning Star." Coming to Wyoming, we find "Dad" waiting for us with his little red sleigh. "Dad" is elderly, but still hearty and willing. As befitting the season we give him every assistance possible in piling his load.

Wyoming, to Petrolia, six miles, with oil derricks on either side, is soon travelled and we pass back to Wyoming and, thence, to Mandaumin.

A little late at Mandaumin, we clip off the next seven and a half miles in eight minutes, which keeps all hands busy clearing out our mail for dis-



[Photo: Courtesy Canadian National Railway]

Where the work is done while the train swings on



My First Army Christmas

Being the Unsolicited Testimony of a Convert who has Tasted the Sweets of deliverance following a Fearful Lapse



THE faithful little Army Band is just under my window playing in soft and mellow tone the old carol "Hark the herald angels sing, glory to the new-born King." As I sit with my wife and boy at my side, in the glow of a real Yuletide fire, the strains of this music are touching chords in my memory which modulate into a crashing and triumphant finale.

It is Christmas Eve and I am recalling a year ago to-night. The recollection sears like a burning iron; is robbing the present of some of its underlying joy.

The story I have to tell is that of Mr. Many-a-man, for I am but the spokesman, or the scribe, expressing praise for a great and grand deliverance which has come to a large crowd of us through the instrumentality of The Army. A year ago to-night I left the office at 4.30, joined my pals, for what we, in our ignorance, called "a fine Christmas celebration. The character of this so-called celebration was so remote from the ideals and true meaning of this

hallowed season that to-night I can only think of it as unpardonable sacrilege.

God in His great mercy saw differently, and so I am rejoicing in the fact that He has placed it behind His back, never to be remembered against me any more. The misguided trio, myself and my two pals, visited each other's houses and drank ourselves into a state of foul and foolish recklessness. We bawled the cheap and tawdy songs of that day and joined in a ribaldry which was as disgusting as it was misplaced.

When I had staggered home, at eight o'clock on Christmas morning, and had awakened later from my drunken stupor, I found I had been sleeping in the hall of my house. The drink still burned in me like a fire. My tongue was parched and my mouth was reminiscent of something no better than a sewer.

With a racking headache and pains all over my body, you can imagine the fitness of my condition to play any part in making a happy Christmas in my little home. By boy's gifts had been forgotten, my wife had wait-

ed up, anxiously expecting me, and worrying because of my non-appearance. The dawn of Christmas morn had found her crying herself to sleep, and—I was polluting and degrading myself in the sacred name of Christmas!

Unable to eat any food, I sat around the house all day, despondent and miserable amidst decorations which only emphasized the thorough selfishness of my crime. And it was nothing less than a crime. A broken-hearted wife, a disappointed little lad and a sick and wretched man went early to bed. That night I vowed that such a thing should never happen again. I had made this vow many times before, but always in my own strength, and, consequently, this festive season had been but a repetition of what I have already told.

But I met God.

Does that statement sound strange, so suddenly tagged on at the end of such a sad recital? Oh, but it was a sudden and a strange happening! I had voiced my Christmas pledge; I had endorsed it with further vigorous asseverations at the New Year, but the whole sad business must have afforded a great joy to all the little imps of Hell. I was a slave and I had sold myself into a base bondage. I was unable to do more than mouth pious words, void of promise of fulfillment.

My days were made fearful by the torture of anticipated failures. I tell you, I had got to looking for it. The end could not be far off from a man in such a condition.

And then it happened. A knock at my front door, late one night, took me to answer the summons. A Salvation Army man stood there. He was accompanied by a man whom he assisted to drape himself inelegantly around my verandah post. The fellow was sickeningly drunk and The Army man had called at my house in an effort to locate the home of the other who was too far gone to identify himself.

"I saw myself as others—a few—had seen me. It was a shocking revelation! I assisted the Salvationist, and we put that awful wreck to bed, while his poor wife fluttered about us full of anxiety. As we walked back to my house I told the Captain that I was in danger of just that thing which had floored the man we had put to bed. My, didn't he talk to me! Oh, but it was just the thing I needed. I took every blow, word by word. Really I took the count, for I was knocked out. And then I saw The Way Out. I might call it The Way Back. Yes I may repeat, I met with God!

It was in an Army Hall, and oh, how different has been my first Army Christmas! I remember getting from my knees with a new and wondrous feeling within me. My repentance had swept away remorse, and I felt like a child walking with its hand in the hand of a kind and strong father, ready to face and overcome all things.

A month after my conversion my wife gave herself to God, and, together, we have made our first Army Christmas the happiest and most useful of our lives. This afternoon we packed and delivered seventeen parcels to some of the poor folk whom we knew were in need. And what a joy there was in this! Happy faces and happy greetings! Beautiful moments of prayer, a little carol-singing at several of the poor homes, a word of blessing, and a deep thankfulness in our hearts for God's supreme Christmas gift to us—His Son, Jesus—born to save His people from their sin.

No drink entered our home. Santa Claus played his part well. A happy wife sang as she worked, and a little boy asked many questions, shouted up the chimney and went to bed very tired and excitedly expectant. Some of the old pals called as usual, and were not offended when they were offered a drink of orange juice; and, with one exception, they approved my change in life, admitting that they wished they had the courage and the common sense to do as I had done.

There must have been joy in the hearts of the angels as they sang from the skies the first Christmas carol, but that joy was no greater than that I am feeling to-night sitting with those I love, and softly joining our voices indoors with the refrain of The Army Band heard outside: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing, Glory to the New-born King!"

—R.O.B.



The Artist Speaks

James E. Casey.

AN DEVELOPING the frontispiece for this special issue of "The War Cry," a prime consideration outlined by the Editor, was the necessity for departing as far as possible, from likeness to the usual picturizations of the Nativity, so as to present the familiar motif in such a setting that it would stimulate the imagination until it could reach a point where the fresh angle could leave a new mental picture, even after the visual had disappeared.

The wonder of the manger scene has been, without doubt, the subject-matter of more religious expressions in art than any other, and rightly so. It cradled the inspiration of the earliest primitive painters, and has never failed to quicken the artist's soul. No one can estimate adequately the power for good exercised by those murals gracing the interiors of the early Christian churches.

It is a far cry from those to the depiction of our cover. We are here found in the shadow of sub-tropical

trees or shrubs, gazing reverently toward the arched doorway of the stable of the inn. With hardly a rustle three figures appear; they pass down the short flight of steps into the soft, but penetrating, light of The Guiding Star. Distance, of time and space, makes it impossible for us to distinguish their words, but, look at their faces! What animation, what exaltation! Old age, transported to heights of veneration never before dreamed; youth exalted to sublimity!

What are their thoughts? Who can tell? Sages of their age though they were, they must have been non-plussed by this eternal manifestation of the Divine Spirit. They had shared in a most holy visitation.

We have great ease in transportation from point to point, thanks to modern invention; but, consider the handicapped methods in vogue in their time. These wise men came immense distances, by the expenditure of an infinity of effort and the exercise of incalculable endurance. But what a glorious ending to such a journey! The Theme that since has had a thousand tellings, had its first awesome statement that night of nights, nigh on two thousand years ago.

(Continued on page 16)



TALKING TO T.Q.T.

(Continued from page 3)

thoroughly. Now I am going to make good the omission. The insults I accepted in silence for the sakes of my wife and babies, have haunted me like an undented accusation of cowardice.

"I have tried to forget you—but no, memories of humiliations at your hands refuse to fade. My self-respect is still in the mud. I told you the truth about yourself four years ago—but that wasn't enough. I should have booted you, struck you down to your knees, for every time you had made me wriggle like a worm. I degraded myself for the debt I owed to my wife and children; now I must reinstate myself in the good opinion of my conscience. I owe it to my manhood. But I am talking over your comprehension. It doesn't matter one way or the other—whether or not you get my idea. What does matter is the fact that you are here."

"Be reasonable," protested the sportsman. "You are making mountains of molehills, I assure you. All this talk of humiliation is nonsense. You have imagined things, Wilks—put a wrong interpretation on my words and actions—failed to understand the responsibilities and duties—sometimes unpleasant—of a man in my position. You—"

"Don't talk so much," interrupted Wilks. "Say, though, what's the matter with your foot? Ah—L/see! Now that's awkward. One of the things I never learned was practical first-aid. I may cripple you for life if I tie it wrongly. However, I'd not leave a dog to suffer that way, not even a dog like you, T.Q.T. So, here goes! Let's have a look at you."

At the first touch T.Q.T. yelled with mingled pain and fear. Don Wilks struck him a blow on the cheek.

"Quiet, you coward, or I'll leave you here to the mercy of the wilds."

"That will do," said a quiet voice at Don's elbow. "Queer first-aid, eh? A broken leg! And the patient now unconscious, to boot. Complications enough. What are you up to, anyhow?"

Don rose and faced the stranger.

"Sorry you caught me in such an act," he stammered, "but this lump of meat," and he in-

dictated the prostrate T.Q.T., "annoys me; has done so for years; but I was about to help him, spite of all, and he showed the white feather. So I cuffed him."

"To some purpose, too, don't you think? Let me get at him."

Ere T.Q.T. had "come to" the limb had been set, and he had been removed to the bunk in the cabin, and when he looked about him he found a stranger in charge.

"Where's Wilks?" he said.

"Gone his way."

"Thank God! He might have murdered me."

"I guess not. But he certainly did not love you?"

"I deserved all I got, I must admit." Gone was the arrogance. T.Q.T. was a very different man.

"You said 'Thank God.' Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Thank God!"

"No, I leave that kind of thing to my wife and youngsters."

"About time to start, don't you think?"

"I am not going to die, am I?"

"See here, my bold hero—bold now that your enemy is no longer in sight—there's little likelihood of your dying for a while; so I'm not suggesting that you should thank God as a kind of fire-insurance—but rather as an effort on your part to be on side with the right. You'll admit that you've lots of arrears to pull up in this matter, won't you?"

"Maybe; but why are you preaching at me like this?"

"I'm not preaching, big boy. I'm doing for you what seemed most necessary should be done just now. You talked about being murdered and deserving it all. Well, I've no doubt that husky fellow whom I saw buffeting you into courage had a case against you; but God has a longer account, has He not? How do you propose to settle up?"

"Listen to me now. I'm just a guide from a nearby camp prospecting around here. And it's lucky for you that I came this way. Some years

ago I used to take phony hunting parties into the woods—mostly they were boozing, gambling orgies. Now, however, I am a different sort of person. Bullying is no longer my main suit; booze is entirely cut out. God is my joy; His law my delight; His Salvation my strength.

I am none the less a good guide; not one tiny bit am I shorn of manhood. I am not afraid of any man or circumstance; God has taken away craven fear even of Himself. He is my Friend; my unfailing Companion and Guide. I live a full man's life, nowadays, and our camp, if you should come upon it, would prove to be a truly manly outfit.

"Like to make the Way I found?"

"Ever see anybody like me get a new start?" If only Don Wilks could have heard the redoubtable T.Q.T. at this time he would have been amazed. But the next step in the progression of events would have left him speechless and, we believe, hateless. In any case it was a complete volte face for the business bully. Thoroughly cowed in spirit, he folded his hands in childlike submission, to pray, at Chris Garland's prompting, an all-comprehensive supplication for pardon and transformation.

Only Divine manifestation could account for such a tremendous change as that which was seen in T.Q.T. from that hour. When, in a day or two, he was removed from the cabin and taken back to the haunts of civilization, he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude for the help which Chris Garland had given him. Said Chris in parting counsel:

"Find the first Salvation Army Captain you can on your arrival at home; phone him to visit you at once; tell him the whole story; he'll help you forward as the one I met did for me!"

* * *

The whole atmosphere where T.Q.T. rules has been entirely changed as a consequence of the transformation which has been effected in the manager's soul and life, as witness the fore-gathering of all the staff in the most commodious department of the great building for the singing of Christmas carols every morning for a week before the anniversary of the natal day of the Christ Child. No, T.Q.T. has not become a Salvationist; but it is a quartet of Salvation Army Bandsmen which provides the musical accompaniment to the carols T.Q.T. loves to lead his staff in singing.



The Artist Speaks Follen's Festal Find

(Continued from page 15)

As we gaze upon their hurrying figures, we can, in imagination, easily visualize their excited haste and justify their evident anxiety to return home that they may spread the glad tidings. Who would not be in a hurry in such a case?

There have been many historic messages that have proved to be the turning point of history, but none was ever so important as the word of this event. Forgetting the many modern methods of communication within easy reach of our hand, let us again digress and try to imagine the eager anticipation with which their friends and countrymen awaited the return of these three men. Days would flow into months, and many of these would have elapsed before the intelligence could be received. And then, and then only, was the word passed on. And so it has come down the ages, so that we to-day may be again reminded of the birth of the Little Child who came into the world to bear the greatest of all burdens. He was laden with many gifts—this wondrous Gift of God—but, while He brought with Him many expressions of Divine Love and Compassion for erring mankind, His supreme potentiality was found in that phrase coined by the Herald Angel—"He shall save His people from their sins!"

This Christmas thought should transcend all others for, after all, He it was who said, "Ye shall be as little children." Let us be simple, unafraid in showing our faith in our Lord, that we, in all seasons, as in this, may do as did the three Wise Men on that amazing night when they left the stable with empty hands and surcharged hearts—carrying the glorious tidings that a little Child is born, our Saviour and our King!

where the holly-wreath was hanging.

"We thought he was anxious to find some guy to do him in," said Barney Price, nervously fingering his Adam's apple; though not so nervously as he had done previously.

"Ah, that's different," said Jim. "I had an enemy once; a bad man; he robbed me; out in the West; but now I want to find the Friend who leads us Home."

"Do you want Him enough to confess Him before men?" asked the Captain.

"I'd do anything," said Jim.

"Then come and kneel here!" And Jim Follen found that rough packing-case, on which the Captain had been standing, to be as a crude crib in which the Christ Child lay; it was as the mercy-seat which the ancient Jews established by God's appointment; it was as the footstool of Divine Grace—it verily was the meeting-place between God and man. And Jim Follen need seek no further, for he was satisfied.

"'Twas a snowy Christmas Eve, but Jim had made his great discovery; so he joyed to worship the new-born King, as did the shepherds; he offered the supreme Gift of his life—his all, and it was enough.

As for the Captain, he knew now why God did not seem to have answered his prayer. Actually, He did better.—J.A.H.

It has given me much pleasure to design this cover, which is by way of being a novelty, inasmuch as it has been reproduced from the original sketch which was submitted. It is my sincere hope that many who shall see it shall derive as much pleasure and inspiration from the reproduction as I received in executing the original.

His Great Moment

(Continued from Page 11)

Christmas again, to-morrow. I admit it's beyond me!"

Something in the stranger's manner and tone appealed to Mr. Pollywog, who by now was not quite as deserving of that undignified cognomen. He was listening intently, if still a bit stupidly.

"And it was Mary, His own mother, who first heard Him cry, and saw His first smile—who washed Him and loved Him because He was her own first-born. And she saw Him die on the Cross, and it broke her heart! . . . I am wondering what your mother would say if she could see you now! I suppose you have a mother somewhere?" The shot went home. Lurching forward the drunken man grabbed the stranger by the arm.

"Say, Mr. Detective, or whatever you are, I know you are a good man, but I can't stand this! Arrest me, hit me, lock me up, do anything, but for God's sake don't talk about my mother! She's—she's—dead! She went to Heaven, I'm sure of that, and I'm going to Hell just as surely as I stand here! She went a year ago this very night. Excuse me—I can't help it—these tears, I mean. I'm a bad man. You don't know who I am!"

"Go on, loosen up; it'll do you good! I guess you haven't cried for many a day!" And then, more tenderly, "Tell me who you are; I want to help you if I can."

"I was the 'black sheep' of a family. I signed up with the Royal Air Force, and was attached to the 79th Pursuit Squadron. The 'Dare-Devil 79th,' we were nick-named. I was crazy to get into a real engagement. My great moment came when, as the

Squadron-Commander, I led my unit in a hot attack which silenced six Fokker planes; but not before we had sent several of the brave fellows straight to 'Kingdom Come.' Say! what a fight! I've tried so hard to forget it, but it still haunts me. Look at me now! My hands are red—blood-red—Ugh! I tell you War is—Hell! What hope is there for me after that?

He paused; he was obviously pained and spent out. Tears coursed down his face afresh, but a different look was there now.

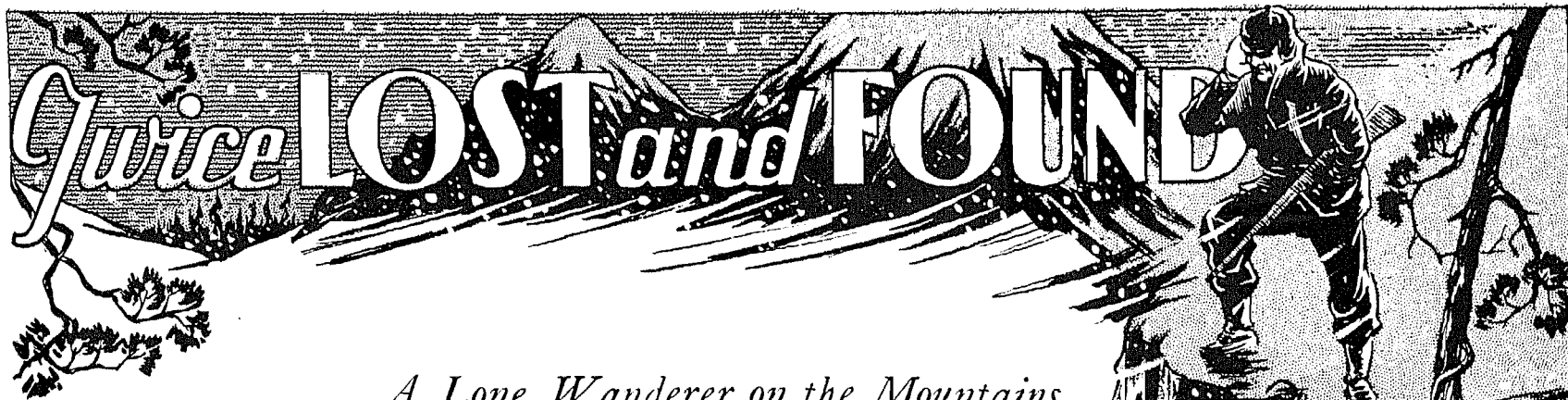
Snow-flakes were falling. . . . From the downy depths of a passing baby-carriage came the lusty cry of an infant.

Across the street, in the centre of the circle of Salvationists standing in the light of the corner drug store, a girl was singing; her voice sounding sweet and clear on the frosty air:

"To save a poor sinner, to save a poor sinner,
To save a poor sinner like me!
For the angels proclaimed that a Saviour was born,
To save a poor sinner like me!"

Uncovering his head, "Red" Powers, erstwhile Major and Commander of the Pursuit Squadron, self-styled black sheep and jail bird, listened intently. A new light—of hope and resolve shone in his eyes. The stranger gripped his hand and there, on the white-carpeted sidewalk, quietly prayed to God, for the sake of the Babe of Bethlehem, to snap the fetters of evil and set this captive free.

"Red" Powers had experienced another great moment, and the stranger, an unexpected thrill, the joyous memory of which still lingers.



A Lone Wanderer on the Mountains Loses the Trail, to find it again

ROGER BELLAMY, hunter, prospector, and hermit, threw an upward glance to the darkening sky and growled his disapproval of the weather prospect. His combined instinct and experience told him that a storm could be expected at any moment. Not that he particularly feared the elements after having roughed it for many years in the interior of British Columbia, but he had taken a trail with which he was not wholly familiar, and a heavy snowfall would by no means aid him in his journey. He was not afraid of getting lost—although he had had this unpleasant experience more than once in his wanderings. He was anxious to reach the mining settlement of Flinders before nightfall.

Years before Bellamy had met with an accident while working in a mine, his legs having been pinioned by a slide of falling earth and rock. This had given him a permanent limp which greatly handicapped him when he attempted to hasten, and now he found it to be an impediment in negotiating the boulder-strewn mountain slopes; so he muttered rebelliously to himself as he stumbled along.

At the best of times Roger was ill-natured and quick-tempered. Of late years he had become morose and taciturn, and the settlers on the ranches in the valleys were inclined to give him a wide berth. He lived by himself in a tiny cabin on the outskirts of Blackwood, a ghostly mining village now deserted by mortals, although houses and certain obsolete mine equipment yet remained.

A Deserted Town

Forty or more years ago Blackwood had been a booming company town, with the mines running double shift, and streets of houses springing into being overnight. Then the boom ceased; the mines petered out, the company opened up a promising site elsewhere. The inhabitants of the old place philosophically packed their moveable belongings, joined the exodus, and went where work was to be found, leaving houses and, in many cases, furniture. There are more than a few such places in the midst of the mountains of British Columbia to-day; weirdly-silent reminders of past prosperity, now the abode of squirrels and lesser denizens of the surrounding wilderness.

It was said that Bellamy, who lived in the town in its palmier days, had refused to move with the rest of the miners, preferring to live on alone. Some averred that he was certain new rich veins of ore would one day be tapped, and the mines re-open with greater prosperity than ever before. Others, again, hinted that he had been disappointed in a love affair, and, having lost faith in humanity in general and women in particular, he preferred solitude.

He lived alone; he appeared to have enough money by him to purchase gun ammunition and provisions from a nearby town; he supplemented this by shooting, trapping and fishing in the mountain streams and lakes which abounded in that part of the country. But he avoided the company of the hospitable ranchers, stormed at any bold visitors to his lonely domain, and was thought to be entirely without fear of God or man.

On the last occasion he had visited town he had quarrelled with an inquisitive storekeeper whose curiosity

had urged him to ask some trifling question, and thus it came about that, finding his cartridge supply low, he had started out for Flinders, which was considerably further, in an entirely different direction.

The tops of the lofty pines swayed noisily, and a sudden gust of wind dashed the now rapidly-falling snowflakes into the face of the lone traveler. Impatiently he flung up the storm-collar of his mackinaw, drawing, at the same time, the vizor of his fur cap. The snow deepened, obliterating the trail, so that headway was difficult. To make the situation worse, night-fall was fast approaching.

The trail dropped steeply into a valley, ran by the bank of a swirling stream, threaded its way through bush and forest and then swung upward again over the shoulder of a heavily-wooded mountain. It was then, after half an hour of tramping, that Bellamy realized he had missed the trail.

Suddenly he emerged from the bush close to a steep decline over which he almost tumbled, his vision having been obscured by the driving snow. He stopped to take stock of his whereabouts, and as he did so the wind ceased its violent attack.

Up from the valley below floated the sound of music of some kind; it was the snatch of song. Bellamy listened intently until he caught the words; they were faint, but distinct. Fragments of an old Christmas carol he pieced them thus:

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men

Begin and never cease.

The lost man, high up on the mountain, bent his head and cupped his ears. At that moment, however, the wind shifted, so that he heard no more. There remained with the song something vaguely familiar. He had heard it somewhere before; possibly in his childhood days. What was this stirring in his soul? A chord was vibrating in the depths of his rough heart. Bellamy plunged into the woods again, trusting to the downward slope to help him find his way. Had he known it, a little party of Salvationists from a small town on the railroad track had journeyed several miles into the interior to do some carolling at the mining settlements, and it was their singing he had just heard.

Hours later, the weary man, his exhausted state and awkward limp giving him an uncertain gait, staggered into the road leading to a tiny settlement.

"Hullo! Some poor fellow celebrating too freely. Pretty unsteady, by the looks of him!" So mused Bob Harte, village blacksmith and Army Bandsman. He had just bidden the visiting Salvationists good-bye and, with his cornet case a-swing in his hand, was trudging homeward. He stopped. "I should ask the poor chap where he's going. Perhaps, lend a hand," he told himself. And, in accordance with his resolution, he halted the stranger.

It did not take him long to discover that here was no case of intoxication, and, with the accustomed hospitality of the settlement folk, he at once extended an invitation to

Roger, for he it was, to accompany him to his cabin home beside the smithy and rest awhile.

"'Tis likely you have come quite a distance," he said, after his first greeting. "A spell of rest and a warm-up won't harm you one bit."

Bellamy gazed doubtfully at his interrogator, and dimly noted the fact that he wore some sort of uniform. "A policeman," was his suspicious thought. About to shuffle on, Roger caught sight of the cornet case in Bob's hand. His tired mind went back to the fragment of song and music he had heard away up on the mountain-side, and he reconsidered. If there was one bright side to this wanderer's make-up it was his fondness for music, whether expressed in the singing of birds, the murmur of mountain cascades, or the sound of a man-made instrument of any kind. Away in his shack he kept an old fiddle, the scraping of the strings of which had chased away his sullen moods time and again.

Dog-tired and utterly worn out he mumbled his acquiescence, and accompanied the Salvationist to the end of the village street where he and his wife and two bonnie bairns lived comfortably, if not luxuriously.

"Brought a visitor, Bess," the blacksmith briefly announced as the pair shook the clinging snow from their garments, and prepared to enter the cosily stove-heated cabin. Mrs. Harte, a bright-faced and energetic little woman, greeted the stranger kindly, and noted with concern his exhausted condition.

"Take off your things at once," she said, "and I'll have a hot supper ready for you in no time at all." Thus it came about that, instead of a bunk in a common bunk-house at Flinders, where he had intended to stay over-night, Bellamy found himself hungrily devouring an appetizing meal in company with the Salvationists, at the same time thawing out his near-frozen limbs.

Supper over, a simple prayer of thanksgiving offered, Bob glanced out into the darkness of the night. The storm had increased in intensity.

Self-Appointed Outcast

"You'll not resume your journey to-night," he advised. "Stay right here—we can fix you up on the couch by the kitchen stove." The odd visitor made as if to demur, but a gesture on the part of the good wife decided the matter. A strange feeling of helplessness was beginning to take possession of the self-appointed outcast.

In the corner of the little dining-room stood a small organ, and at this Bob seated himself, explaining to his guest that he was in the habit of having a bit of music before retiring. "I always sleep better on it," he declared. The fingers of the Salvationist moved over the keys and instinctively began to evoke some of the carols which, earlier in the evening, he had rendered on his cornet.

The hermit, swaying comfortably in a rocker, listened with evident interest, until the Salvationist began softly to play and sing the very carol Bellamy had heard while searching for the lost trail. Roger gave a start

and a husky cough and Bob, glancing sideways at him, noted with surprise that he had buried his face in his hands and was gently weeping. Once again that night had the chords of his soul vibrated to the touch of a kindly voice in song.

Wise in his day and generation Bob did not question his strange guest, just then, but he felt that here was a soul, rough and uncouth maybe, but still a soul, seeking the Light. He continued to play softly for awhile and then ceased.

That night—Christmas Eve to be correct by the calendar, although Roger Bellamy took little reckoning of special days—the old guest of the Harte's was made comfortable in the kitchen, while Bob and his wife occupied their little bed-sitting room in the front of the cabin.

"We cannot let him go on to-morrow, Bob; Christmas Day, as it will be," whispered Mrs. Harte when they were alone. "Poor fellow, he seems as if he needed somebody to befriend him." Bob quite agreed. Sure it was that the wanderer could not have fallen into better or more kindly hands.

Christmas Day dawned brightly with all the traces of the storm of the previous night completely gone. It was a happy day for the Harte family, and they enjoyed it to the full, observing the festival with the charming simplicity of settlement life. Bellamy entirely thawed out under the magical influence of Bob's musical prowess and Mrs. Harte's sympathetic kindness. The Christmas dinner proved a huge success and the children fairly broke down "Uncle Roger's" reserve by artlessly stealing into his affections.

Best of all, through the medium of his "chance" falling in with his new friends, he became acquainted with the Friend above all friends. From henceforth he was nevermore to be a lost and lonely man.

Our story need run no further. Roger Bellamy had been lost and found twice that eventful Christmas, and two kindly Salvationists had something to do with the finding on both occasions.—W.R.P.

ANORTHERN suburb of age-old London, upon a green Christmas Eve, saw the footpaths of the high road filled with a merry crowd of men, women and children, giving the last touches to the Christmas shopping. The stores gleamed with light and groaned with their burdens of good things. Salesmen shouted the qualities of their wares; the leisurely crowds were good tempered, as is the way with domestic English crowds, particularly around the Christmas season.

There was a sharpness in the air, and Alice Mathieson glowed with health and happiness as she stopped to purchase a handful of mistletoe and holly, ere she tripped homewards. This was her first married Christmas. She and Clive would spend 'to-morrow at her parents' home, but she must decorate her own sweet nest just a little. Throwing off her fur, she spent some happy minutes in placing sprigs of holly about favorite photographs and pictures, and then suspended a piece of mistletoe from the grille in the hall. Clive would see it and kiss her there. She smiled. He would be in any minute now.

She stirred the fire and touched odds and ends lightly, not settling to anything. Alice went to the gate and peered up the street. Some little Christmas plan had detained him. But an hour—two, three hours passed, and no Clive came. Sick at heart, listening apprehensively for every footfall, she waited. What else could she do? He would have left the bank hours ago. Where could she enquire for him? Surely some dreadful accident must have occurred!

The Touched Latch

At length someone really stopped at the gate and touched the latch. In a moment she was at the door, all the love and anxiety of her heart expressed in his name—"Clive!"

In through the door stumbled her husband—drunk. Looking at her foolishly, he hiccupped, "A Merry Christmas—old-girl," and moved unsteadily towards her. Fear, horror, anger, flamed within her. She turned and fled into the little dining-room.

This was not the husband to whom she had given her heart and life, but some frightful stranger whom she felt obliged to loathe.

Clive Mathieson stumbled through the little hall into the dining-room where he and his wife had spent so many happy hours together. He looked round and again advanced towards her.

"Don't touch me!" her white lips stiffly framed the words. "You shall not touch me; I will go home!"

Mathieson steadied himself and stared at his white-faced bride, standing, evidently full of loathing for him. Some fury of hell moved within him; he took a step forward and dealt her a heavy blow.

Alice fell, her head striking the fender kerb. The man stood stupidly looking down at the still form. Presently a red line trickled across the floor. In a moment Clive Mathieson was sober. He had killed his wife. With the terror of Cain in his soul he fled into the darkness.

It was Sunday morning some eight years later. A lean, shabby, hunched man sat amongst an unhappy crowd gathered into an Army Shelter, from the Embankment and the haunts of London's homeless. Mechanically he ate the breakfast provided, and drank the steaming coffee, enjoying, torpidly, the warmth of the meeting room. He listened as in a dream to the meeting that followed. It was kindly meant; the singing was pleasant. Then a strong-voiced, virile man was speaking. Heart, hope, courage, sympathy, and faith were in his every word, tone and gesture.

"Men, friends," he was saying, "thousands of others, of the same sorrow and misfortunes and sins that have brought you here this morning, have sat where you are sitting, and they have found Christ here at the Mercy-seat, and in Him they have found Salvation and a new start. There is hope, and a happy, useful life for every man here if he will have it."

Along the Mercy-seat knelt a row of beaten men confessing sins, weeping over failure, praying for a new start for Christ's sake. To the Manager's office later these men were admitted for a private interview.

"Clive Mathieson, sir!"

"Show him in."

Mathieson did not prove a very communicative person. He, however, gratefully accepted the opportunity to get on the ladder of better things by going to an Elevator, which is an institution where the down-and-out men from the streets of London may, by the blessing of God, win back a foothold in life.

After a stay of six weeks in this place,

I want a Daddy!

By M^{rs} Colonel Carpenter

Mathieson asked again to see the Manager at the Blackfriars Shelter.

"Sir," said he, "I have something on my mind which I must tell you. I did not tell you all the other day. I think I am a murderer!"

Social Officers who have given their lives to lifting souls out of the mire of sin are surprised at nothing. Often a confession is merely the ravings of a disordered mind.

"Yes, Mathieson; tell me all about it," encouraged the Major.

"Eight years ago I was in the—Bank. All was gay until I met a fine girl of a Christian family, then I straightened up, and she never knew. I married her, and everything went well until, one Christmas Eve, I fell in with the old set and did not get home till any old hour. Then the secret was out. My wife was terrified of me and angry, and in my drunken state I struck her. I believe I killed her. Immediately I fled.

"When I had stayed in hiding a while I ventured, at last, to enlist and was not detected. I was sent to India. Always my crime was before me, and I drank and drank, and drank. I was punished continually and at last dismissed from the ranks. Then I felt I must come back to England.

"But I was done—no nerve, no energy. I had tramped and just existed until I fell in with your Scouts, and they invited me to the breakfast. I went to the front, not very clear about anything, but grasping at a straw. Now I see things; I have awakened up. The message of the meetings has found me out. I want to be right if God can make me right, and I must clear things up. This is the address of my wife's people."

* * * *

A Salvation Army Officer, the Chaplain of the Social work, waited in the pleasant dining-room of a London suburban home. Presently an elderly lady of dignified bearing entered.

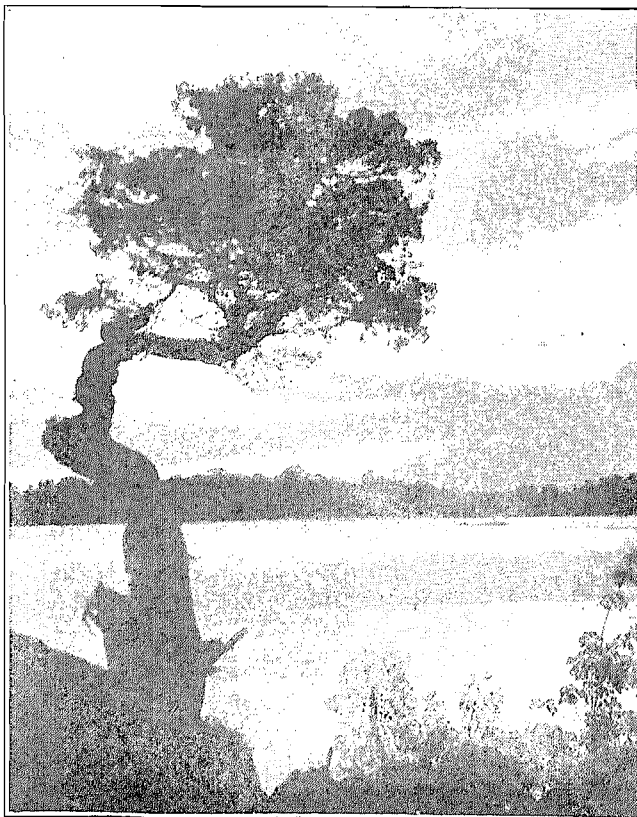
A Difficult Task

"You wish to see me?" she said pleasantly.

The tactful Brigadier began his difficult task. "I understand that some years ago your daughter was married to a Mr. Clive Mathieson."

Immediately the lady stiffened. "Sir, do not mention that name in my house—that man is dead to our family. He deceived us and married our beautiful daughter; he almost killed her and disappeared. I do not wish to hear of him again, alive or dead."

"You have had a great sorrow, madam. But God is good; you have your daughter."



[Province of Ontario picture
"Oft in the still night," somewhere in Ontario

"Yes, I am grateful; she and her little boy are well, and a great joy to us."

"Your daughter's son—what would be his age?"

"Just over eight years."

A few kindly words concluded the interview, and the Brigadier turned back to the Elevator, bearing two valuable pieces of information. Mathieson was not a murderer and he was a father.

It was a fierce struggle that Clive had to face, and for a time it seemed he would go under. Then he cast himself entirely upon the love of Christ and sought that deep heart-cleansing that would make him a new creature. No longer was he the petulant, selfish, moody soul, swayed by passion or circumstance, but a man saved by Christ and living for Christ.

The whole man of him longed for his little son, but well he realized that he had forfeited all right to him. He must wait.

When next the Christmas season came round, Clive Mathieson sought his friend the Chaplain. "Brigadier, I should like to send my little son something for Christmas. Will you mail to my wife a postal note for five shillings and ask her if she will get him something?" The letter was despatched, and two or three days later a charming lady called, asking to see the Officer.

A Wonderful Happening

Alice Mathieson, flushed and palpitating, was shown into an office where many true stories stranger than fiction have been poured out. "Sir, are you the gentleman who sent five shillings to my little son?"

"Yes, madam!"

"I have come to thank you. It was most kind. And, sir, I want to tell you a wonderful thing about it. You know a little of my affairs, I think?" The Officer bowed.

"Well, after my husband went away my people would not hear of my keeping his name, so I took again that of my parents. I am in business in the city, and not, perhaps, once in the year am I late. But one morning this week I seemed too tired to get up, or to get ready for work at the usual time. As I was going out the postman met me (he comes along after I have left home, usually). He stopped me and enquired, 'Is anyone by the name of Mathieson staying at your house?' I was just about to say 'No,' when I said, 'Yes, there is: I will take the letter.'

"Sir, if I had not been at home I would never have heard of the letter. I changed the postal note into two half-crowns, and when I got home in the evening, and my little boy came running to me, I said:

"'Ralph, I have something for you.'

"He came into my room and I laid the two shining half-crowns on the table and said, 'Daddy sent you those for Christmas.'

"'Daddy!' he said, 'I didn't know I had a daddy.' Then he looked at the money, and covering his face he burst into tears and cried, 'I want a daddy! I want a daddy!'

Alice had carried her story through bravely, but now she bit her lips to suppress the strong emotion which shook her.

The Brigadier waited, then said gently, "And, my dear friend, how do you feel about that?"

"My people are angry, furious."

"But how do *you* feel? Has your love for your husband kept burning on the secret altar of your heart, despite all that has happened?"

Alice's eyes were wet, and her lips trembled as she inclined her head in reply.

"He is a new Clive. He has sinned; he has suffered; he has repented and been forgiven. He has begun to live for Christ. Would you desire to begin life again with him on those lines?"

"Yes!"

A week later a dainty little table was spread by loving hands in the Officer's private room. Gentle woman-eyes saw that all was there to make a pleasing repast. Clive was there—waiting. Presently Alice arrived, and with the tenderness and grace of a father the Major introduced them and departed.

* * * *

A real English winter. The Major is hurrying through the city; there are a few more commissions to attend to before business closes down for the holiday season. His family of five hundred nightly lodgers takes some thinking for. Presently he feels an arm grip his shoulder, and turning, looks into the strong radiant face of Clive Mathieson of the—Bank.

"Major, I wish you a happy Christmas; and here's some news! A little girl came to our place last night. All well." And the bells were pealing out the angel's message, "Unto you is born a Saviour. Peace on earth, goodwill towards men!"



The Thief

"Here, shake," he said to the aged Salvationist, whose house he had just burgled; "you're a Christian all right, and a gentleman!"

then of seasonable fare. The carollers were to be well repaid for their visit with such a feast in prospect!

John was the first to break the silence.

"Well, friend," he began, putting forth his hand, "I'm glad to see ye!"

This unusual greeting appeared to take the thief's breath. He backed towards the door leading towards the kitchen.

"Keep yer hands to yerself!" he growled.

"Come now," persisted the other, "you've nought to fear. You see what I am"—indicating

his Salvation Army uniform.

"Ay, and I reckon you see what I am! You keep quiet and mind your own business. I'm off!"

John went across and calmly lifted the kettle from the hob. "Not till you've had a cup o' something hot," he insisted, and disarmed—he knew not how or why—the thief stopped in his tracks.

"Where's the snag, boss?" he queried.

"The snag? I don't follow ye, lad!"

"What's yer game, then?"

John laughed kindly. "A very old one, I'm thinking," pouring out the coffee. They call it "returning good for evil!"

The thief was nonplussed. Was the old fellow mad? Would it, maybe, turn out profitable to play him on a long line on the chance of getting more? After all, he had little to fear. One blow . . . then he stubbornly asked: "You got somebody coming?"

"Yes."

"Artful old cove, ain't you?"

"There's nobody you need fear, friend. I've got Some One here, for that matter!"

"Where?" The fellow jumped in spite of himself.

John tapped his breast. The thief was more than ever convinced that he was dealing with a madman, but he kept an eye on the door. "Here," the old man went on, "here in my heart. One who was taken up before the magistrates just the same as I reckon you have been—"

"Ow!" laughed the thief, with an upward tilt of his head. "You mean Gawd, eh?" The idea tickled him immensely, and he so far forgot himself as to drop on to the sofa the better to enjoy his laugh.

John reached down a jacket from the door. "I mean Jesus," he said, very simply. "And this is what He has told me and my like to do. You've taken my coat. Here's a jacket to go with it. You're very welcome, friend. You've taken my boots"—rummaging in a drawer nearby—"here's a couple o' pair o' socks."

A rude burst of laughter shook the rafters. The thief was enjoying this. But he suddenly stopped laughing at sight of the other man's face and, sitting upright, asked: "You're pulling my leg, ain't you?"

John shook his head.

"You mean to say you'd be fool enough to let me take all this stuff away like that?" He frowned at an after-thought. "Mind you, I'll get away all right, don't you make no mistake, guv'nor!"

"Yes, you'll get away all right," repeated John, handing him a cup and a plate of sandwiches. "Not because I'm a fool—but because I'm a Christian!"

It was like a sledge-hammer blow. That any human utterance could have had such an effect John was the last to expect. Mentally, he was telling himself that he had done well, after all, in taking Jesus at His word and refusing to listen to his own natural instincts of self-preservation. The thief set down the coffee and put out his hand.

"Here, shake!" said he; "you're a Christian, all right, and a gentleman!"

"I'm just your brother," cried the older man, moved beyond anything he had ever known before. The tears started from his eyes and he dropped on his knees beside the thief. In broken accents he began to pray, to implore the blessing of the All-Father upon this miscreant son. Such a simple prayer it was, couched in terms such as any man might use on behalf of his own brother. Ere it was done there came from without the voices of the Bandmen just arrived, singing a carol what time they got the cold out of their fingers; the song of the herald angels. And as they sang of "God and sinners reconciled," John felt a hot tear on the back of his hand—the thief was weeping! He knelt down beside the good old man, and in the peace that came to him then knew that no more should men know him as the thief.

Few of the Soldiers next morning knew the secret of John's attendance at meeting in shabby topcoat and work-day boots; only the small Band knew who the better-dressed stranger was who sat beside him. But the thief thought himself in Paradise—as, indeed, he verily was!

IT WAS the eve of the Great Feast, a night most promising for such as would be announcing the Glad Tidings by way of carolling, and blessed with just that measure of virgin snow as called to mind the Christmas of story and legend. Crisp, a nip of the east wind at every corner, the very air seemed to have been reborn and the wind to have taken on a newer freshness and sweetness. Especially out at Wouldbridge was the atmosphere of Christmas to be felt. On the wide expanse of moor the snow lay thick and innocent of human soiling. Only the twinkle of a rare light from some lonely cottage window broke its vast sweep of glistening whiteness.

John Reeves caught the thief red-handed. He had returned to his cottage after a brief absence, hobbling through the drifts, and found the fellow preparing to depart, wearing his best topcoat and sporting his "Sunday" boots.

Picture the scene as, for one brief moment, they confronted one another; the Salvationist in uniform, surprise writ large on his happy old face; the thief, thin, cadaverous, scowling down upon him with the questioning glance of an animal at bay.

In the cottage all was light and cheer. Maintaining the custom long-time established by his late wife, John had made provision for the carollers who should shortly arrive. The fire roared as with laughter, so gleefully did the flames chase one another among the logs and up the chimney; the decorating holly danced in the flickering light and sent grotesque points of shadow hither, thither; the great copper kettle already began to sing its song; the table positively groaned beneath its bur-

DESPITE our best efforts, Palestine, the Holy Land as many love to think of it, remains so utterly distant, by reason of the customs of its people, survivals of its ancient traditions, that we fail entirely to picture its scenes with anything approaching intimacy. But it is at Christmas-time, when we would draw near and see for ourselves the arrival of the tired couple, for whom there was "no room"; when we would gaze upon "His star in the East"; when we would catch some echo of the Angels' Song, that we feel most thrust aback and at a loss.

Those having friends who have travelled where Jesus walked may have seen through other and friendly eyes enough to have caught a glimpse of the glory of Galilee, for personality aids in this particular. But how should we do who have no voyageurs among our acquaintances? Here is a suggestion. We have come upon some words of the late Commissioner Isaac Unsworth, who had his own way of depicting scenes and delineating character. More helpful still he is referring to some after-effects of the visit of The Army Founder to those historic places which figure in the Evangel of Redemption.

Even if we never met or heard William Booth we have, all of us, set up in our hearts some ideal regarding him and this should aid us in our efforts to trace the earthly footprints of the Son of God.

In a visit to the Holy Land, wrote

Where Jesus Walked

Commissioner Unsworth, the Bible stories seem to be quickened into life afresh, with prophets, priests and kings marching before one in solemn and inspiring pageantry.

There stands Jerusalem on that hill, majestic in its solemn dignity. True, not the Jerusalem of old; not the Jerusalem of David, of Solomon, or the city whose streets were trodden by the feet of Him who was greatest of all its great ones. Their Jerusalem is buried under the debris of long centuries.

Entering the sacred city by one of its many gates, we have the historic places pointed out one by one. We see Mount Zion and Mount Moriah, the latter with its dome hidden by the Mosque of Omar, and reflect that on this sacred spot, probably, Abraham took the boy Isaac on that fateful day. Just beyond the city wall is that "Green hill far away, where our dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all."

Could we but see Him, whose name is sweetest, walking about those streets with His simple disciples, preaching in the temple and synagogues, with the crowd looking on Him, and the sick and sorrowing pleading before Him with upturned eyes of hope. There is the pool of

healing where the helpless man lay, and heard the wonderful words fall from the Stranger's lips, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

And can we forget the place where that peerless Spirit faced the weak, vacillating Roman judge and witnessed for the truth, the place of scourging, the walk along the Via Dolorosa, the Cross and the cry, "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani?"

As a Salvationist, one could not forget the visit paid to this sacred place by our sainted Founder some years ago. The visit we know was ever held by this great traveller as one of the most wonderful experiences of his thrilling life.

I found many who were present at the meetings which were conducted here by The Army's first General. There is a saintly man living near the city who will ever remember the visit of our Founder, for it was at the meeting held in the Mission Church that he found the Saviour. He formerly held the position of butler to a wealthy man. Alas! under the stress of temptation he robbed his employer and was carrying on, unsuspected by his employer, a daily system of quiet fraud. Conviction took hold of his soul while he listened to the General, and he was found among

the seekers that night. After the meeting he went straight to his employer, confessed his crime and professed himself willing to make any restitution his master might demand. As he declared his conversion his employer wept and assured him that he was forgiven.

Faithfully he served his master until death separated them, and he still keeps green his experience and testimony and lives in the respect of his fellowmen, who look upon him as a miracle.

Leaving the city by St. Stephen's Gate, one descends toward the Valley of Jehoshaphat. On the way we pass the wonderful pool of Siloam, and a little farther on there is the sweetest, saddest spot, surely, in the world. Here it was He prayed in that poignant agony until He sweat as it were great drops of blood. Surely even Calvary itself was no more painful!

We cross the place where Kedron once flowed, and wend our way up the slopes of Olivet toward the Mount. Away along the road on the other side of the Mount we find nestling close by the side of a small hill, Bethany, where formerly was the home of Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus. The Arabs have named it El Ariaro, the Home of Lazarus.

Here is the house of Simon the leper, where Mary broke the box of ointment and poured out a fragrance which, like the story of this land, outlasts time itself.



Born in a Manger

He descended into a moral underworld that, among the poor and outcasts, He might give His mercy away

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY

YEAR by year Christmas repeats the same sermon, and its text is the unsearchable poverty of Christ.

The world's Redeemer might have "visited His people" in all the dazzling marks of sovereignty which the Prophets had attributed to Him. He might have assumed the pompous titles of Conqueror of Judah, Lawgiver of the People, or Deliverer of Israel. Had He done so Jerusalem would, doubtless, have recognized Him Whom the nation was desiring and expecting. But in such titles was only human glory, and Jesus comes to undeceive the world, to teach the absolute nothingness of all such glory, and to open human eyes to true greatness, and true power.

The Son of Man, born in a barn, with only a mother's love to welcome Him!

"And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

A strange sign compared with the past of Judah. Commonplace in comparison with the burning bush of Moses, or the fiery pillar of Israel, or the Angel Captain before Jericho; but in its strangeness there is fitness, and in its simplicity there is force.

For just as the whole structure of the flower lies enfolded in the bud, or the history of a plant can be read in its first tiny green leaf, so may we read in this sign—the Babe in a manger at Bethlehem—the forecast of that wonderful life.

It proclaims the features of the life He came to live, and the faith He came to teach.

It proclaims the price God puts upon human distinctions—the things which the world regards as important; the things which so often set men apart from one another—rank, and wealth, and luxury, and learning. These things go for nothing in the eyes of Christ.

Christmas speaks to us with many voices and none of them is without signification, but two truths lie on the surface of the sacred story.

One has to do with the Divine nature, and the other with human nature.

One emphasizes the simplicities of the Kingdom of God, and the other the true value of human affairs.

Christmas reminds us that each nameless baby born into the world is dear to the heart of God.

It shows the world the truth that Peter perceived, that there is no respect of persons with God.

The lowly manger is chosen that He might be at home with the humblest of His brothers and sisters. And His early life corresponded to the hardship and humiliation of His nativity.

He was brought up in a cottage. He wore the garments of a workman. He labored with His hands. He understood what it meant to be hungry, and thirsty, and weary, and of no account.

He descended into the moral underworld that, among the poor and outcasts, He might give His mercy away. He laid up treasure nowhere but in Heaven, and at last died penniless and was buried in a borrowed grave.

Commonplace? Possibly, but wonderful! A sign!

Too often in the history of mankind religion has been confounded with the marvellous. The tokens of piety were looked for in extraordinary power or uncommon conduct.

Christ sets all this aside, and makes the simplicity of childhood the sign of true religion, and the faith He taught in the years of His ministry corresponded with the sign of His birth.

"Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

It is the simplicities of Christ and His Kingdom over which men still stumble.

In Christian service the same applies. The cup of cold water, visiting the sick and in prison, the ready heart and the ready hand, the simple unrecorded acts of love; these are the true standard of service to Christ.

Not in the greatness of the act but the goodness, not in the performance, but the motive and spirit—these are the true measure.

The Divine object-lesson of the Babe in the Manger presents another feature. It was a sign which would be universally intelligible.

The appeal of the child is universal. Among superstitious savages; to hard-hearted, demoralized humanity; to the proud and wealthy as to the poor; in any rank where power or poverty reigns; or even to the children themselves, a babe needs no elaborate explanation, it makes its own appeal, it touches the heart of humanity everywhere—it **DRAWS**.

Surely here is significance! The Word made flesh in a form universally understood, universally appealing. It is a reminder of the Master's own words:

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

The Babe in the Manger suggests also the true value of human affairs. All that could confound and put to naught human pride, was brought together in the spectacle of the Babe in the Manger.

If worldly honor and prosperity, if place and power, could make us happy here below, and bring peace to human hearts, Christ would have appeared vested with them and would have brought such benefits to His disciples. But He only brought peace to us, by despising them and by teaching us to despise them also.

He comes to offer us blessings more real and more durable and which alone are capable of calming our hearts, of fulfilling our desires, and of relieving our anxieties.

One of the great needs of our day is the restoration of the child heart.

The restless, craving, anxious, and often covetous, spirit of mankind withers every good emotion and higher desire, and leaves the soul of man dried up and unsatisfied.

Only as we become trustful, docile, guileless as children will true peace be ours.

A great scientist visiting Toronto, recently, speaking of the scientific progress of the last decade, stated that the only successes which came to them were the result of listening to Nature's voice, observing her acts, obeying her demands and so ruling and using her forces.

It is not otherwise in the realm of the spirit. The man of achievement is he who sits as a child at his Father's feet and listens and believes and obeys.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." His Father's words are real words to Him—His promises true.

The passions, the cares, the anxieties—those wild beasts which haunt the heart and wear the spirit—are vanquished. Their nature is transformed, ambition becomes the ambition of doing a Father's will—"the wolf dwells with the lamb, the leopard lies down with the kid, the calf and the young lion and the fatling together—a little child shall lead them."

So as we again tarry around the manger and renew our sense of wonder and worship, this Christmas Day, let our prayer be:—

Oh, Saviour Christ, Who, as at this time, didst come into the world for our Salvation, and didst humble Thyself even as a little child for our redemption, establish in our hearts the true spirit of this glad season.

When Thou didst come into the world in the days of Thy flesh, the world had no room to receive Thee. Let it not come to pass to-day that when Thou comest to Thine own Thine receive Thee not. Forbid, Lord, that we should be so full of our own doings and interests that the heart has no room for Thee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus.
There is room in my heart for Thee.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

(Continued from page 12)

leading each one to the complete doing of the will of God, in all things.

"You have been delayed in carrying on your program for the evening," said Sir William, as we left; "but my cheque will see to the Treasurer's side of the occasion."

"Excuse me, Sir William," inter-

polated one of the guests; "but, if you will permit it, we would all wish to join in demonstrating our delight in this wonderful evening. I propose that we each send in a cheque."

"And so it was agreed, and our total was quadrupled that year. But our gratification in the financial angle

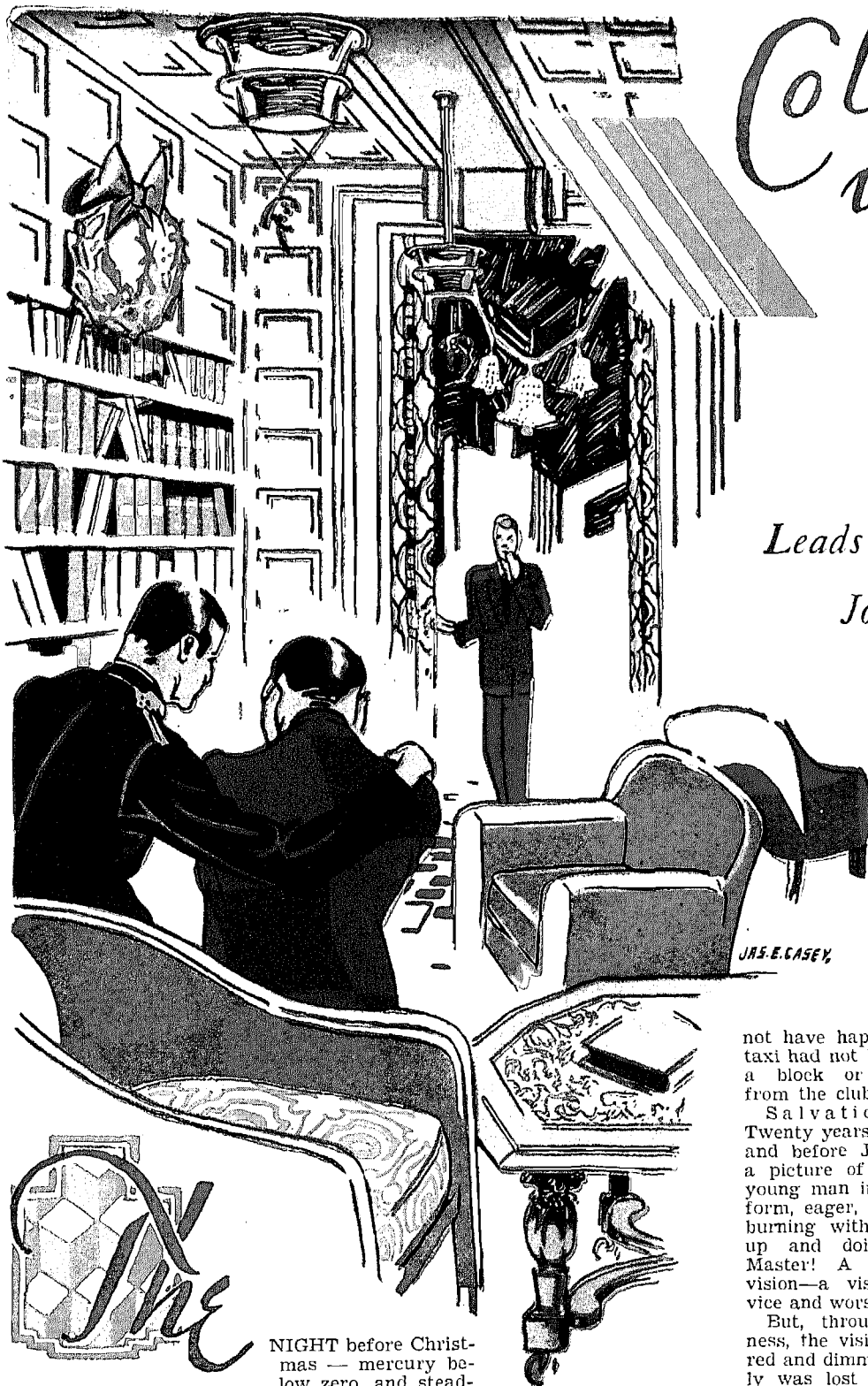
was nothing to our huge joy in the true spirit of Christmas in which everyone present participated.

"That is my story, ladies and gentlemen, and comrades. I hope it has stirred you as it always stirs me, to humbled and greater devotion to the service of our King!"

Very few words were spoken thereafter; but that company felt the more and the spirit which made Christmas came very near.—ABER SYCHAN.

both before and after meat; now will one of you speak to Him that we also may hear? May we not all kneel together here?"

"It was my Mari fach; all of you know her as Captain Mary; who led us, and her soul soared up and up, as the Spirit possessed her, with that access of expressiveness we call the 'hwyl,' adoring the Son of God, and asking Him to deign to dwell in that baronial hall and in its occupants,



Colliding with a Christmas Kettle.

Leads to the Conversion of

*John P., club-member, manufacturer,
atheist and cynic*

he wiped the clammy sweat from his forehead. Christmas Eve! A sudden determination seemed to grip him, a longing to have someone with him, someone to whom he could talk. Impulsively he pushed the button on one of the tables, and quickly a page appeared.

His own voice sounded strange to him.

"Tell that Salvationist near the side entrance I want him." If this surprised the messenger he certainly did not show it. Back he came with a message. "The Salvationist, sir, says that he is on duty now, but will be relieved in a few minutes, and will be right in." John P. nodded, and the boy withdrew. Already the man doubted the wisdom of his act. Why confide in a total stranger? Better make out he called the chap to hand him a donation. His hand slid to his hip pocket.

The Salvationist, greatly mystified, relieved of his duties by a comrade, and of his hat and coat by a bell-boy, slowly entered the library, greatly astonished at the magnificence which confronted him, as the boy brought him to the man who had asked to see him. "My name is Barton, sir. You expressed a wish to see me?"

At the sound of the speaker's voice John P. quickly looked up, and when the former mentioned his name a quick light of recognition leaped into the disturbed man's eyes. Barton? Bill Barton, of his home town; his home Corps? Not a doubt was left. It was he.

"Barton," he said, slowly, "for how much would you sell your faith in God? How much would you want to resign from The Salvation Army?"

Sergeant-Major Barton's answer was stern, definite.

"My faith in God, sir, could not be bought for all the millions in this world, and for me to resign from The Army would be against the will of God. If you have anything of interest to discuss I will be glad to spend my ten minutes' relief with you."

"Bill Barton, there is no God!"

"John P.—yes, I know you!—there is a God, and you are well aware of the fact."

For a full minute their eyes clashed, then John P. dropped his head in his hands, and through the twisted fingers came his voice, sobbing,

"John, for old times' sake, talk to me!"

And Sergeant-Major Barton, who, years ago, was brought to Christ by John P., now dealt with the man who had backslidden from the path of faith.

Tenderly he spoke about the past, with its victories and its defeats. Carefully he dwelt upon the birth of the Saviour of all mankind, and while the storm outside increased in power the tempest in John's soul bated, and to him came a peace which flows as calm as a river, controlled by the eternal God.

The resident manager of the club hotel, on his tour of inspection, entered the library and stopped stock still in his tracks. Before him he saw the most unusual sight of his entire hotel career. In a corner a Salvationist knelt beside a man, an arm across the man's shoulders. His astonishment reached the climax when he recognized the sobbing, praying individual as John P., club member, manufacturer, atheist and cynic.

He turned on his heel and shrugged his shoulders. "A fine way to spend Christmas Eve," he remarked to himself, and he was right at that.

—C.R.

NIGHT before Christmas — mercury below zero, and steadily dropping! A marrow-penetrating, breath-clutching storm, snow-laden, howling and shrieking over the countryside, invading the great city and forcing the belated Christmas shoppers to a hurried retreat, practically desolating the business district.

A tripod and kettle, securely lashed to a telegraph pole near the side entrance of a famous club hotel, mute evidence of the untiring, never-ceasing efforts of The "Army of the Helping Hand." The tripod and kettle were carefully watched over by a keen-eyed Salvationist who, bundled up in his large overcoat, was steadily ringing a small bell, though its appealing note could scarcely be heard above the tumult of the storm.

A man, head down, shoulders thrown back, fighting the increasing force of the storm, was making his way toward the side entrance of the hotel. Came a sudden, treacherous cross-wind, a stumble, a collision with the tripod—curses, dark looks for the Salvationist, and the man, very much infuriated, passed through the side entrance of the club hotel.

The luxurious library of the hostelry was cosy and homelike, with its great open fireplace and roaring, crackling wood fire, its carefully-shaded lights and its enormous wealth of critically selected literature. But all this held no appeal for the battle-scarred soul of John P., as he nervously paced back and forth, evidently in deep thought.

But for him the library would have been deserted, most of the club members having forsaken their usual haven of rest for the revels and orgies of metropolitan night life.

Christmas Eve! John P., club member, manufacturer, atheist, cynic, meditating upon Christmas Eve, and all because he had bumped into a Salvation Army collecting kettle. And that would

not have happened if his taxi had not broken down a block or two away from the club.

Salvation Army! Twenty years rolled back, and before John P. rose a picture of a youth—a young man in Army uniform, eager, with a heart burning with zeal to be up and doing for his Master! A boy with a vision—a vision of service and worship.

But, through carelessness, the vision had blurred and dimmed and finally was lost track of all

together. In its place came a longing for worldly power and achievement. The result was John P., club member, manufacturer, atheist, cynic. A violent shudder assailed him; in vain he tried to throw off his morose mood. Christmas Eve! From the dining-room came the strains of Christmas music, solemn and sacred, played by the orchestra, carrying him back to the years when he himself played the same melodies in The Army Band, but he was rudely awakened from his reveries by the next number, blaring, screaming jazz, from the same orchestra! Mockery of things once held sacred.

Christmas Eve! Those words throbbed through John P.'s brain like so many blood waves; but what was it to him? Christmas Eve! A time of remorse. Christmas Eve! A period of increased spiritual suffering, tormented by that intense, hopeless longing and desire to re-live the past, to undo his shortcomings, to once more embrace that vision of the days gone by! Hell on earth! And Christmas Eve! "Peace on earth, good will toward men," but not for him! With the back of his hand

*Let us honour Christ
and live to save.
H. Mansfield Booth.*

When the King was Silent

*That Far-seeing Statesman, Isaiah,
Eloquently Described the Birth of
Immanuel—Prophecy Indeed!*

WHILE there seem to be a number of underlying fundamental principles which most of the Old Testament prophets held in common, there is in the work of each one an individual element, occasioned partly by his own peculiar genius, and partly by the general conditions of the age in which he lived. One of the most interesting features of the prophetic messages is the close relationship in which they stand to the particular circumstances and exigencies of the times. Thus, while their simple principles are often capable of a wider application, the messages in which they occur were invariably called forth by some national or local calamity, by some sudden peril of war or invasion, or by some special social, political, or religious condition of the period.

This fact is especially noticeable in the case of Isaiah, since he was himself a wise and far-seeing statesman, always keenly interested in the trend of national and world events, and in close touch with the king and his advisers, and since he lived in a time of great political disturbance. His most important prophecies were concerned with Judah's varying attitude towards Assyria and Egypt. His first Messianic prophecy was called forth by the circumstance of the Syro-Ephraimite war. Rezin and Pekah, the kings of Syria and Israel, had formed an alliance, in an attempt to throw off the Assyrian yoke, and, when Judah refused to join them, they attacked her. Ahaz, her weak, inefficient ruler, being in great terror, sent off secret messages to Assyria, promising to become a vassal if the mighty Assyrian monarch would come to his aid against his northern neighbors.

Isaiah, who consistently opposed foreign entanglements, and deplored dependence upon external aid, rather than absolute reliance upon Jehovah, was also clear-sighted enough to realize that Assyria would inevitably crush her revolted subject-states, whether Ahaz requested it or not. Meeting the king outside the city, where he was inspecting the water-supply, Isaiah begged him not to appeal to Assyria, and, when his pleading seemed futile, urged him to ask a sign of God. The king, guiltily conscious that he had already taken the step in question, remained silent; the prophet, in a sudden burst of inspired eloquence, described the birth of Immanuel,—a direct, voluntary sign from God. A truly striking evidence of Messianic prophecy.

Perhaps it was in rebuke of the king's lack of trust in Jehovah that Isaiah sketched the beautiful little picture of a young mother's faith, shown, in an era of darkness and danger, in the name she was to give her child: Immanuel, or "God with us." The name alone gave a wonderful promise for the future.

Isaiah used this picture also as a figure of time. If and when the babe was old enough to eat ordinary food, that is, at the end of about three years, the Israelites would be living on "butter and honey," which means, perhaps, that the nation, freed from its enemies, would become so prosperous that the people would be living on the fat of the land. (Another possible interpretation, that the land would be so ravaged by its enemies that its inhabitants would return to the simple pastoral fare of their Bedouin ancestors, seems less appropriate to the circumstances, since the prophecy is

obviously intended to strengthen the king's waning faith in God and in his country's future.) By the time the child reached years of discretion and the power to choose between the good and the evil, the land would be freed from its foes.

In course of time, the idea of the child Immanuel, symbol of the faith of "a nameless maiden of lowly rank" (Delitzsch), became identified with the already long-established belief of the Hebrews, that a great ruler of David's line would arise to deliver the land from oppression and trouble. To quote one commentator: "During the dark days the treasured ideal of poet and seer, and of the people who were still loyal to the old traditions, was a future in which a united Israel would be supreme in a world established on righteousness, recognizing the glory of the God of Israel and the beauty of his Son."

As far back as in the time of David, Nathan the prophet promised his king that "thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee; thy throne shall be established forever." Since David was in many respects the best king Israel ever had, a competent leader in military and civil affairs, and an obedient follower of Jehovah, it was but natural for the people of Israel to cherish the ideal of a ruler who should be a descendant of the Davidic line.

In chapter nine, Isaiah represents this ideal Prince as a concrete, individual personality, endowed with sublime characteristics and powers, and filled with the Spirit of God. The Northern kingdom had already fallen when this prophecy was uttered, for the prophet represents Zebulun and Naphtali as being already in darkness. What joy would come to them, as well as to Judah, when this ideal ruler should found his earthly kingdom! Slavery would disappear from the land as it did in the days of Gideon. Union and peace would be the key-notes of the new order of things; every sign of war and bloodshed would vanish. This coming prince was not thought of as being divine, but as a man of infinite wisdom and power, so endowed with the spirit of God that He would be called "The mighty God." Seated upon the throne of David, he would establish in the land peace and prosperity which would last forever.

This vision was not realized in just the form in which Isaiah first conceived it. It seems clear that he thought of the "Messiah" or "anointed one" as a deliverer from the Assyrian oppression. But nearly a generation later, when his hopes for immediate literal fulfilment had been utterly disappointed, Isaiah gave an even more vivid picture of

the Ideal Ruler, in the prophecy of chapter eleven. This time it was "an ideal picture projected upon a shifting future."

The Ideal Prince of chapter eleven was described as "a rod out of the stem of Jesse," and was even more carefully portrayed than in chapter nine. King and judge in one person, he was to be possessed of wisdom, understanding and executive ability. He would judge, not according to outward appearance, but according to the intrinsic worth of a man. From his throne impartial justice would be meted out to all men; at last the poor and meek would receive fair treatment.

The wicked, however, he would utterly destroy, with "the rod of his mouth," or his judgment. His chief characteristic, moreover, would be his righteousness and fear of the Lord Jehovah. He would "realize the highest possibilities of earthly monarchy—perfect justice, perfect wisdom—procuring perfect peace." This description of the make-up of the ideal king was followed by a superb picture of the ideal kingdom, like the Garden of Eden before the Fall. The fiercest animals and the most deadly reptiles would live together in peace, and have no thought of harming the tenderest little creeping child—a type of the universal peace which would result through the spread of the knowledge of God.

The idea of a golden future in store for Israel after her long history of sorrow, invasion, oppression and sinning, is found in the writings of nearly all the prophets, to a greater or lesser degree, but Isaiah's pictures are surpassing in beauty, vividness, and colorfulness of description. This manifestation is seen, for instance, in the picture of Israel's supremacy, towards the end of chapter nineteen, and, above all, in the superb imagery of chapter thirty-five.

The prophet pictures a time when all Israel will be a luxuriant garden, fertile as Sharon and Mount Carmel throughout its length and breadth; a time when the blind, the low, and all the afflicted will find healing and deliverance; a time when the way of righteousness will be made so plain that the simple, unlettered man cannot mistake it; a time when a purified "remnant," purged of all evil and freed from all sorrow and distress, will rejoice forever in the might of the Lord Jehovah. In Isaiah's picture of a purified society the ideal king, or "Messiah," is a frequent, though not a constant figure.

Isaiah's conception of the Messianic kingdom lacks, however, the universalistic element. The ideal future of peace and prosperity is for Israel only. Other nations share in it only to the extent of becoming subject to Israel, of voluntarily seeking her protection and turning to her in admiration of the excellence of her religion and her laws.

Unlike Ezekiel, however, Isaiah dreams only of a "spiritual conquest" of the world, effected by peaceful dreams, not of the thundering clash of arms, and of the actual conquest by hordes of mighty warriors. Isaiah's visions have never been fulfilled in the way in which he meant them; but we of the Christian era see in these early prophecies a foreshadowing of the coming of Christ and of the extending of His spiritual empire over the minds and hearts of men.

—By Songster-Pianist Grace Fuller, Danforth. Written in course of examination at Victoria College, University of Toronto (2nd year Moderns).

OUR PRICELESS ONE

By Zoe Hager Durham

THE happy, holy season of Christmas is again with us, and in spirit we kneel near the manger-crib of our Infant God. True, we have heard no angels carolling His praises, and no bright effulgence has dimmed the Star in the East, heralding as it does, the birth of the Immanuel. It is the great light of FAITH which has dispelled the night-time in our hearts. Within them, reverberating in tumultuous throbbings, pulsate joyfully those saving words of the eternal years: "Behold, I bring you tidings that shall be to all the people; for THIS DAY IS BORN TO YOU A SAVIOUR, WHO IS CHRIST THE LORD."

The Christmas of last year seems long ago and perhaps the laggard year has brought an untoward share of grief into our lives. It may hap we have stood for many days beside the bed of pain whereon tossed one we cherished with all the tender love of our aching heart, and where a prec-

ious life had ebbed slowly to its end, we sped the parting soul to Glory, trusting it to the gentle care of the Master. We may have had days and weeks and months of greatest mental anxiety that none could share with us, because it was on us the others leaned, and thus it was we had to hide the gnawing care of our own saddened heart. How possible it is that bright and sunny days were few, and weary, dreary days many. Perhaps the shadow of the Cross was hard aslant our path of duty, even as it must have fallen athwart the manger-crib at Bethlehem.

But all that is hidden now as we take our places beside those other ardent adorers of that first silent Christmas night. Mary, the maiden-mother of Jesus, is bowing low and Joseph, the carpenter, worships hard by. And yet, how is it that we feel so strangely out of place? Oh, what sluggards we are in virtue! We gaze at the wee Crib with hearts a-thrill,

but there is something beyond the reach of our poor efforts as we look upon the rapt devotion of Mary and the humble Joseph. Our hearts tell us we must retire a bit, for we are still untuned to understand this wondrous LOVE. We withdraw to take our place among the lowly shepherds and find ourselves more content. We are happy just to be there and we find sweet comfort in the presence of our KING, helpless Babe that He is.

Let us join the simple, wide-eyed herdsmen, and unite our stammering prayers with theirs, full of wonderment at that GREATEST MIRACLE. In broken accent, child-like, we shall tell our God that we, too, have come to welcome Him and to adore on His birthday. With the herdsmen we shall offer the gifts of the lowly and the poor. Let us thank Him for the past and its teeming graces. Let us thank Him for both the light and the shadows. Let us thank Him for the lesson we have learned beneath the Cross. Let us ask the tiny Hand to rest upon the head to bless the harvest-yields of days ago. Let us lay the future at the manger-crib. Let us ask the Infant Hand to guide what no man knows! Let us ask Him to nerve our

hearts that they may grow more like unto His as the days go slipping by.

Dear Infant Jesus, with the humble herdsmen, I kneel near the manger-crib. Thy handiwork so seemingly spoiled by men when treated thus, will one day reap its thousand-fold in redeemed precious souls. Homeless Thou dost lie before me! But Thou shalt not be homeless longer! Come, make my heart Thy home, poor domicile though it be. Thou canst purify it and make it a fit dwelling place through holiness. Thou hast asked for my poor heart. So may it be, though I cannot understand! Take full possession of my heart and make it Thine, strange dwelling as it is for a God. Make this heart all Thine own so that none may share therein a part. Give me an UNDIVIDED HEART, INFANT SAVIOUR! From early morn, through the long, weary hours of the day-time, until the shadows fall, come and stay within my heart. Come, Lord Jesus and stay!

Let the great Heart of Jesus hold me dear

And all the blest and happy things
Which the love of Jesus brings
Be mine until another Yuletide's here!

The Stars Above the Freight Train

*Would you catch a gleam and hope again? Would you wish to help another to hope?
Read these few lines with enthusiasm*

SOME years ago a writer, not as well known, perhaps, as others of his generation, wrote a book entitled "The Harbor," in which he told the story of a little boy who secretly ran away from home to play with the street arabs along the railroad tracks. One day a freight car, shunted by a switch engine, ran over one of his playmates. This tragic experience made a devastating impression on his mind. Vacation time came, and, in the quiet country home amid the mountains, the mother noticed how strangely agitated her little son seemed to be as the down freight rattled along the valley, soon after she had tucked him in bed each evening.

She was a wise mother, so she made it her habit, at the first sound of the train's approach, to go to her child's room, take him to the window and, throwing wide the curtains, show him the stars, and teach him about the constellations, until the last whistle and rumbling vibration of the lum-

bering freight had died away far down the valley.

Is this not a parable of modern life? Too often, despite warnings given to us by experience, teaching and advice, we have allowed ourselves to dwell amid the rumble of the freight trains of a busy, and, frequently, hectic life. Our minds have become distraught, our nerves have been worn almost to the ragged edge, in our wild scramble for the things which seem so necessary to our happiness and welfare. We have surely forgotten that "man cannot live by bread alone." Is it any wonder that we have become morally and spiritually under-nourished? To continue with the figure of the story, we sadly need someone to throw back the curtain and reveal the stars.

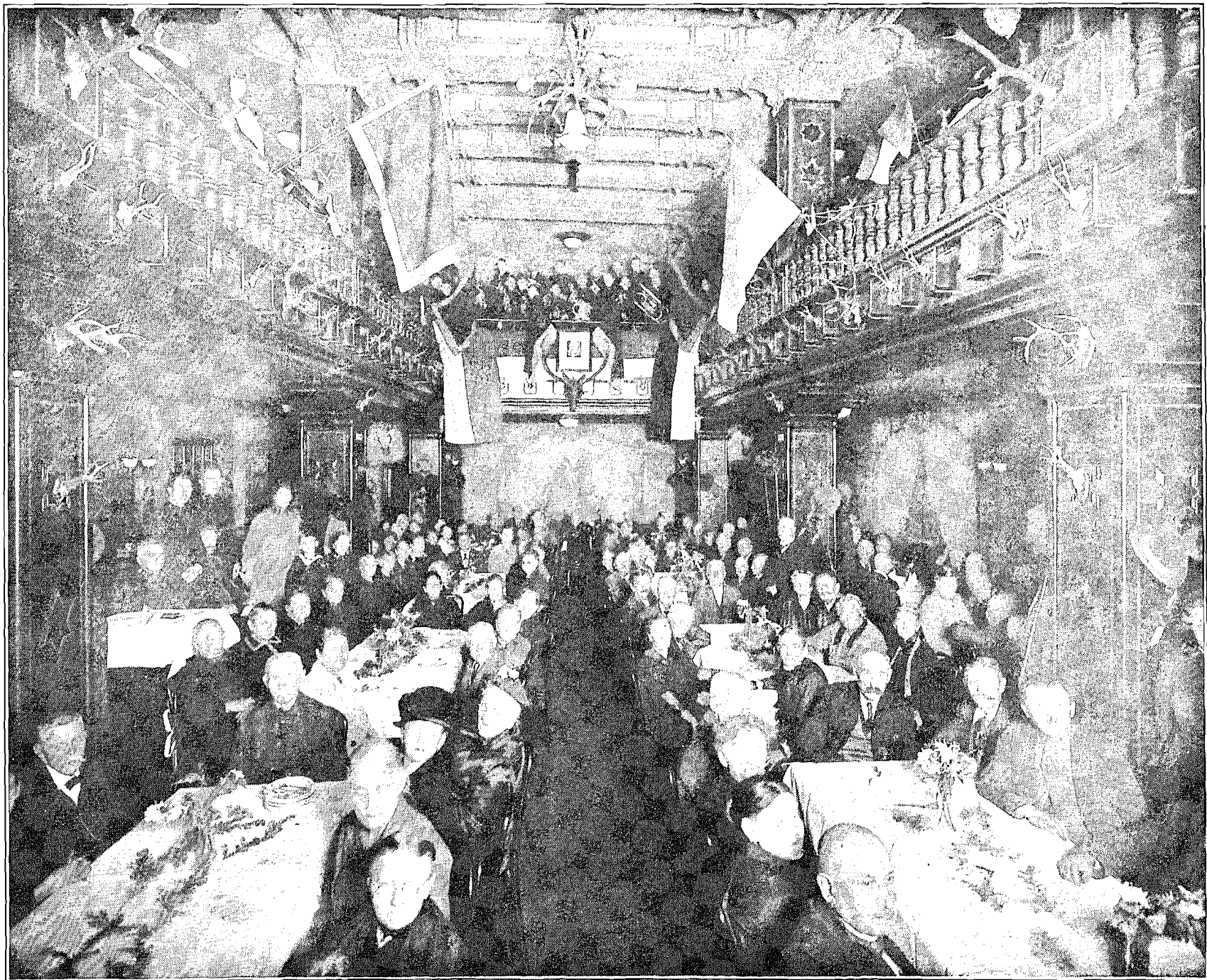
There is a wonderfully-calming effect to be obtained by star-gazing at such times. There is wisdom, too, in occasionally looking away from those things which we know from experience only add to our anxieties and our fears. We need to

take an upward glance at the stars which tell of future, and of hope beyond.

The wise men looked up and followed the star which led them to the greatest of all hopes—The Hope of the World incarnate—a Babe in a manger!

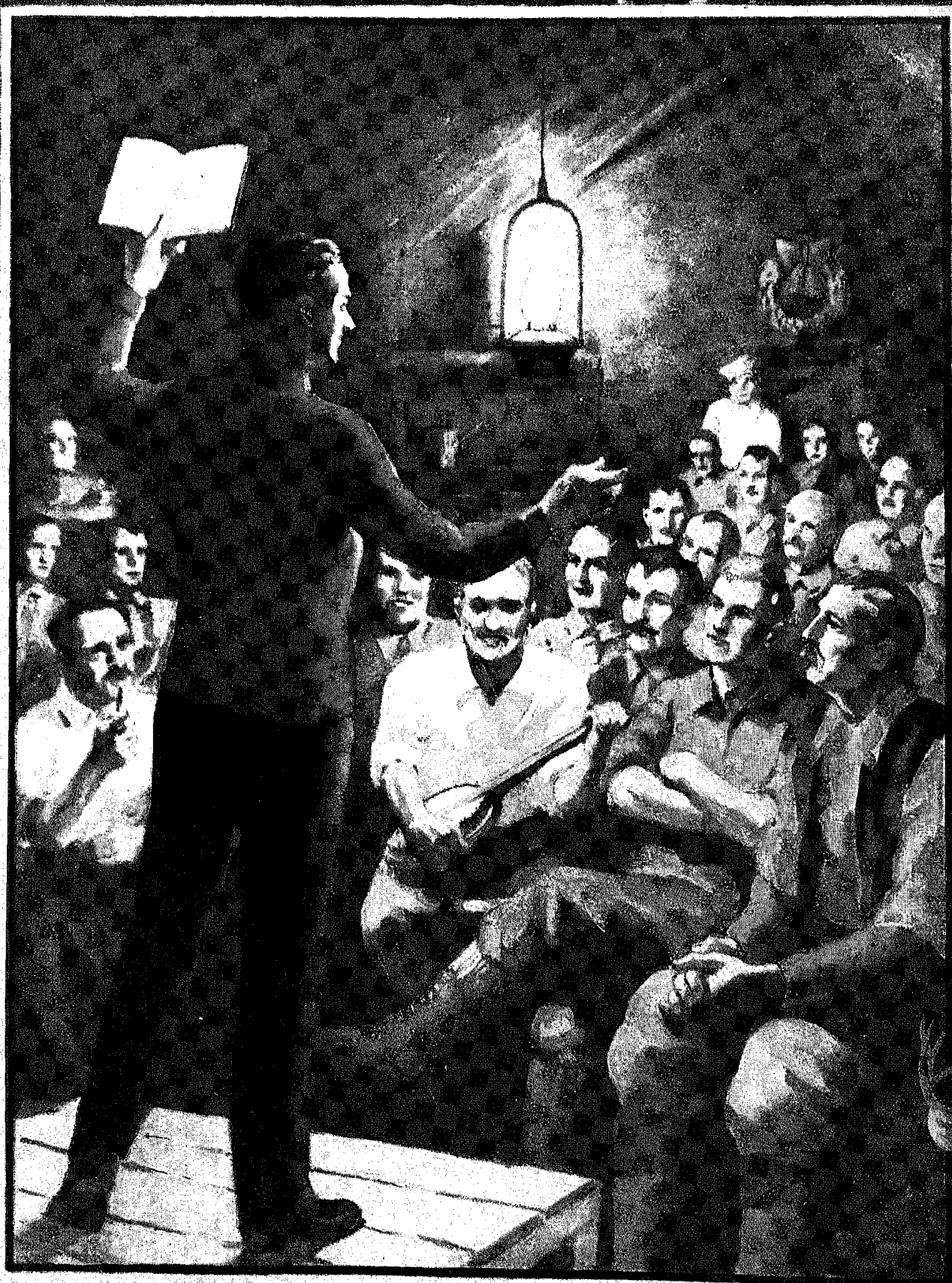
As, with our gifts and good wishes exchanged once again this Christmas time, we "seek to keep our friendships in repair," shall we not also think of those who are continually throwing back the curtain and, in so many ways, are revealing the stars of hope and cheer and goodwill all the year round to many who would otherwise be left to sorrow and suffer alone in their dire distress? After all, there is urgent need right now for being practical in our star-gazing.

Why not write to Commissioner James Hay, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., enclosing your gift, no matter how small? The Salvation Army in Canada will gladly act as your almoner. There is wisdom and knowledge, loving service and zealous sympathy, which will joyfully act for you.



Old Folks celebrate the Christ Child's Birthday by taking dinner with The Salvation Army, in Berlin, Germany

The Christmas WAR CRY 1932



AN INFORMAL SING-SONG IN THE LOGGERS' CAMP. (Have you read "Jim Follen's Festal Find" on Page 10?)